

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise.----
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is DRYDEN now. POPE.

Behold where DRYDEN's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-resounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more. GRAY.

VOL. III.

EDINBURG:

AT THE *Apollo Press*, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1778.





BELL'S EDITION,
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE, FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



DRYDEN VOLUME. III.
Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,

Page 5.

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J. G. & Co. sculp.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING HIS

EPISTLES,

PROLOGUES,

EPILOGUES,

SONGS,

ELEGIES,

EPITAPHS,

&c. &c. &c.

But see where artful DRYDEN next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming even in years !
Great DRYDEN next ! whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall ;
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.

ADDISON.

EDINBURG:
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AN

BY MR

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Volume

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE.

BY MR. DRYDEN AND THE E. OF MULGRAVE.

How dull and how insensible a beast
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest?
Philosophers and poets vainly strove,
In ev'ry age, the lumpish mass to move;
But those were pedants, when compar'd with these,
Who know not only to instruct, but please. 6
Poets alone found the delightful way
Mysterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; so that as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too. 10
Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults,
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
In satire, too, the wise took diff'rent ways, 15
To each deserving its peculiar praise.
Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,
Whilst others laugh'd and scorn'd 'em into shame.
But of these two the last succeeded best,
As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest. 20
Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,
And censure those who censure all besides,
In other things they justly are preferr'd;
In this alone, methinks, the Ancients err'd;

Against the grossest follies they declaim ; 25
 Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.
 Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
 And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit :
 Besides, 'tis labour lost ; for who would preach
 Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach ? 30
 'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,
 Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.
 But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
 Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind ;
 That little speck, which all the rest does spoil, 35
 To wash off that would be a noble toil !
 Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,
 Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage :
 Above all censure, too, each little wit
 Will be so glad to see the greater hit, 40
 Who judging better, tho' concern'd the most,
 Of such correction will have cause to boast.
 In such a satire all would seek a share,
 And ev'ry fool will fancy he is there,
 Old story-tellers, too, must pine and die, 45
 To see their antiquated wit laid by ;
 Like her who miss'd her name in a lampoon,
 And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.
 No common coxcomb must be mention'd here,
 Nor the dull train of dancing sparks appear, 50
 Nor flutt'ring officers who never fight ;
 Of such a wretched rabble who would write ?

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25 Much less half wits : that's more against our rules ;
 For they are fops, the other are but fools.
 Who would not be as silly as Dunbar, 55
 As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Car ?
 The cunning courtier should be slighted too,
 30 Who with dull knav'ry makes so much ado ;
 Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too, too fast,
 Like Æsop's fox, becomes a prey at last. 60
 Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,
 Too ugly, or too easy, to be blam'd ;
 35 With whom each rhyming fool keep such a pother,
 They are as common that way as the other : 64
 Yet saunt'ring Charles, between his beastly brace,
 Meets with dissembling still in either place, }
 Affected humour, or a painted face.
 40 In loyal libels we have often told him
 How one has jilted him, the other sold him ;
 How that affects to laugh, how this to weep ; 70
 But who can rail so long as he can sleep ?
 Was ever prince by two at once misled,
 45 False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred ?
 Earnestly and Aylsbury, with all that race
 Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place : 75
 At council set, as foils on Dorset's score,
 To make that great false jewel shine the more ;
 50 Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
 Only for taking pains and telling lies.

But there's no meddling with such nauseous men ; 80
 Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen :
 'Tis time to quit their company, and chuse
 Some fitter subject for a sharper Muse.

First, let's behold the merriest man alive,
 Against his careless genius vainly strive, 85
 Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay
 'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day ;
 Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be
 Just as good company as Nokes and Lee ;
 But when he aims at reason or at rule, 90
 He turns himself the best to ridicule.

Let him at bus'ness ne'er so earnest sit,
 Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit,
 That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,
 Tho' he left all mankind to be destroy'd. 95

So cat, transform'd, sat gravely and demure,
 Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure,
 But soon the lady had him in her eye,
 And from her friend did just as oddly fly.

Reaching above our nature does no good ; 100
 We must fall back to our old flesh and blood ;
 As by our little Machiavel we find,

That nimblest creature of the busy kind,
 His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes,
 Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes,
 No pity of its poor companion takes. 106 }

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What gravity can hold from laughing out,
 To see him drag his feeble legs about,
 Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him still
 Thro' hedges, ditches, and thro' all that's ill. 110
 'Twere crime in any man, but him alone,

To use a body so, tho' 'tis one's own:
 Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,
 That, whilst he creeps, his vig'rous thoughts can soar.
 Alas! that soaring, to those few that know, 115
 Is but a busy grov'ling here below.

So men in rapture think they mount the sky,
 Whilst on the ground th' entranced wretches lie; }
 So modern fops have fancy'd they could fly. }

As the new earl, with parts deserving praise, 120
 And wit enough to laugh at his own ways,
 Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,
 Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune slights,
 Striving against his quiet all he can,

For the fine notion of a busy man. 125

And what is that at best, but one whose mind
 Is made to tire himself, and all mankind?

For Ireland he would go; faith let him reign;
 For if some odd fantastic lord would fain
 Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do, 130
 I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.

But is there any other beast that lives
 Who his own harm so wittingly contrives?

Will any dog that has his teeth and stones,
 Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bones 135
 To turn a wheel, and bark to be employ'd,
 While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
 Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,
 Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.
 Tho' satire, nicely writ with humour, stings 140
 But those who merit praise in other things,
 Yet we must needs this one exception make,
 And break our rules for Folly 'Tropos' sake,
 Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
 And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd; 145
 Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
 For railing smoothly and for reas'ning wrong.
 As boys, on holy-days let loose to play,
 Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way,
 Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress 150
 Some silly Cit in her flower'd foolish dress;
 So have I mighty satisfaction found
 To see his tinsel reason on the ground;
 To see the florid fool despis'd, and know it,
 By some who scarce have words enough to show it;
 For Sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker 156
 The finer, nay sometimes the wittiest speaker.
 But 'tis prodigious so much eloquence
 Should be acquired by such little sense,
 For words and wit did anciently agree, 160
 And Tully was no fool, tho' this man be :

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At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolsack, fop at council-table.
These are the grievances of such fools as would
Be rather wise than honest, great than good. 165

Some other kind of wits must be made known,
Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone ;
Excess of luxury they think can please,
And laziness call loving of their ease ;
To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign, 170
Tho' their whole life's but intermitting pain :
So much of surfeits, headaches, claps, are seen,
We scarce perceive the little time between :
Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,
And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake. 175
Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Married, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that ;
And first he worried her with railing rhyme, 180
Like Pembroke's mastives at his kindest time ;
Then for one night sold all his slavish life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife.
Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load, 185
Till Fortune, blindly kind, as well as he,
Has ill-restor'd him to his liberty,
Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day ;

Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times 190
Had fam'd for dulness in malicious rhymes.

Mulgrave had much ado to 'scape the snare,
Tho' learn'd in all those arts that cheat the fair;
For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the stocks; 195
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes.
To see him catch his Tartar for his prize;
Th' impatient Town waited the wish'd-for change,
And cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge;
Till Petworth-plot made us with sorrow see, 200
As his estate, his person too, was free:
Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move;
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there, he keeps his freedom still,
Forc'd to live happily against his will. 205
'Tis not his fault if too much wealth and pow'r
Break not his boasted quiet ev'ry hour.

And little Sid, for simile renown'd,
Pleasure has always sought but never found;
Tho' all his thoughts on wine and women fall, 210
His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.
The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong;
His meat and mistresses are kept too long.
But sure we all mistake this pious man,
Who mortifies his person all he can; 215
What we uncharitably take for sin,
Are only rules of this odd Capuchin:

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190 For never hermit under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common sense,
And 'tis a miracle we may suppose 220
No nastiness offends his skilful nose,
Which from all stink can, with peculiar art,
195 Extract perfume and essence from a f—t.
Expecting supper is his great delight ;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night ; 225
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits,
'Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.

200 Rochester I despise for want of wit,
Tho' thought to have a tail and cloven feet ;
For while he mischief means to all mankind, 230
Himself alone the ill effects does find ;
And so, like witches, justly suffers shame,
205 Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
False are his words, affected is his wit ;
So often he does aim, so seldom hit ; 235
To ev'ry face he cringes while he speaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks :
210 Mean in each action, lewd in ev'ry limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him :
A proof that Chance alone makes ev'ry creature ; 240
A very Killigrew, without good nature ;
215 For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd ?
For, there's the folly that's still mix'd with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear. 245

Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures say,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away :
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For ev'ry fault does prove his penance still :
Falsely he falls into some dang'rous noose, 250
And then as meanly labours to get loose.
A life so infamous is better quitting,
Spent in base injury and low submitting.
I'd lik'd to have left out his poetry,
Forgot by all almost as well as me. 255
Sometimes he has some humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,
To find it out's the cinder-woman's trade,
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire, 260
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deserve no comments here,
Where one poor thought sometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dulness must atone. 265
How vain a thing is Man, and how unwise !
E'en he who would himself the most despise !
I, who so wise and humble seem'd to be.
Now my own vanity and pride can't see.
While the world's nonsense is so sharply shown, 270
We pull down others, but to raise our own ;
That we may angels seem we paint them elves,
And are but satires to set up ourselves.

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I, who have all this while been finding fault
E'en with my master, who first satire taught, 275
And did by that describe the task so hard,
It seems stupendous and above reward,
Now labour, with unequal force, to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time;
'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall, 280
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

TO THE
LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE.

PRESENTED ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1661.

MY LORD,

WHILE flatt'ring crowds officiously appear,
To give themselves, not you, an happy year,
And by the greatness of their presence prove
How much they hope, but not how well they love,
The muses, who your early courtship boast, 5
Tho' now your flames are with their beauty lost,
Yet watch their time, that if you have forgot
They were your mistresses the world may not;
Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove
Their former beauty by your former love, 10
And now present, as ancient ladies do,
That courted long at length are forc'd to woo:
For still they look on you with such kind eyes,
As those that see the church's sov'reign rise,
From their own order chose, in whose high state 15
They think themselves the second choice of Fate.
When our great Monarch into exile went,
Wit and religion suffer'd banishment.
Thus once, when Troy was wrapp'd in fire and smoke,
The helpless gods their burning shrines forsook; 20
They with the vanquish'd prince and party go,
And leave their temples empty to the foe.

At length the Muses stand, restor'd again
To that great charge which Nature did ordain ;
And their lov'd Druids seem reviv'd by Fate, 25
While you dispense the laws and guide the state.
The nation's soul, our Monarch, does dispense
Thro' you to us his vital influence ;
You are the channel where those spirits flow,
And work them higher as to us they go. 30

In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,
Until the earth seems join'd unto the sky ;
So in this hemisphere our utmost view
Is only bounded by-our King and you.
Our sight is limited where you are join'd, 35
And beyond that no farther heav'n can find.
So well your virtues do with his agree,
That, tho' your orbs of diff'rent greatness be,
Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,
His to inclose, and your's to be inclos'd ; 40
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptiness had come between.
Well may he then to you his cares impart,
And share his burden where he shares his heart.
In you his sleep still wakes ; his pleasures find 45
Their share of bus'ness in your lab'ring mind.
So when the weary Sun his place resigns,
He leaves his light, and by reflection shines.
Justice, that sits and frowns where public laws
Exclude soft mercy from a private cause, 50

In your tribunal most herself does please ?
 There only smiles, because she lives at ease ;
 And, like young David, finds her strength the more,
 When disencumber'd from those arms she wore.
 Heav'n would our royal master should exceed 55
 Most in that virtue which we most did need ;
 And his mild father (who too late did find
 All mercy vain but what with pow'r was join'd)
 His fatal goodness left to fitter times,
 Not to increase, but to absolve our crimes : 60
 But when the heir of this vast treasure knew
 How large a legacy was left to you,
 (Too great for any subject to retain)
 He wisely ty'd it to the crown again :
 Yet passing thro' your hands it gathers more, 65
 As streams thro' mines bear tincture of their ore.
 While emp'ric politicians use deceit,
 Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat,
 You boldly shew that skill which they pretend,
 And work by means as noble as your end ; 70
 Which, should you veil, we might unwind the clue,
 As men do Nature, till we came to you.
 And as the Indies were not found before
 Those rich perfumes which from the happy shore
 The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd, 75
 Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd ;
 So by your counsels we are brought to view
 A rich and undiscover'd world in you.

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By you our Monarch does that fame assure
Which kings must have, or cannot live secure; 80
For prosp'rous princes gain their subjects' heart,
Who love that praise in which themselves have part.

By you he fits those subjects to obey,
55 As heav'n's eternal Monarch does convey
His pow'r unseen, and man to his designs 85
By his bright ministers, the stars, inclines.

Our setting sun, from his declining seat,
60 Shot beams of kindness on you, not of heat;
And when his love was bounded in a few,
That were unhappy that they might be true, 90
Made you the fav'rite of his last sad times,
That is, a suff'rer in his subjects' crimes.

Thus those first favours you receiv'd were sent,
65 Like heav'n's rewards, in earthly punishment;
Yet Fortune, conscious of your destiny, 95

E'en then took care to lay you softly by,
And wrapp'd your Fate among her precious things,
Kept fresh, to be unfolded with your King's.
70 Shewn, all at once you dazzled so our eyes,

As new-born Pallas did the gods surprise, 100
When, springing forth from Jove's new-closing wound,
She struck the warlike spear into the ground,
Which sprouting leaves did suddenly inclose,
75 And peaceful olives shaded as they rose.

How strangely active are the arts of peace, 105
Whose restless motions less than wars do cease!

Peace is not freed from labour, but from noise,
 And war more force, but not more pains, employs.
 Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,
 That, like the earth, it leaves our sense behind, 110
 While you so smoothly turn and roll our sphere,
 That rapid motion does but rest appear.
 For as in Nature's swiftness, with the throng
 Of flying orbs while our's is borne along,
 All seems at rest to the deluded eye, 115
 Mov'd by the soul of the same harmony ;
 So carried on by your unwearied care,
 We rest in peace, and yet in motion share.
 Let Envy, then, those crimes within you see,
 From which the happy never must be free ; 120
 Envy, that does with Misery reside,
 The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.
 Think it not hard if, at so cheap a rate,
 You can secure the constancy of Fate,
 Whose kindness sent what does their malice seem,
 By lesser ills the greater to redeem, 126
 Nor can we this weak show'r a tempest call,
 But drops of heat that in the sunshine fall.
 You have already weary'd Fortune so,
 She cannot farther be your friend or foe, 130
 But sits all breathless, and admires to feel
 A fate so weighty, that it stops her wheel.
 In all things else above our humble fate,
 Your equal mind yet swells not into state,

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But like some mountain in those happy isles, 135
 Where in perpetual spring young Nature smiles,
 Your greatness shews no horror to affright,
 But trees for shade, and flow'rs to court the sight.
 Sometimes the hill submits itself a while
 In small descents, which do its height beguile; 140
 And sometimes mounts, but so as billows play,
 Whose rise not hinders but makes short our way.
 Your brow which does no fear of thunder know,
 Sees rolling tempests vainly beat below;
 And, like Olympus' top, the impression wears 145
 Of love and friendship writ in former years:
 Yet, unimpair'd with labours or with time,
 Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.
 Thus heav'nly bodies do our time beget,
 And measure change, but share no part of it; 150
 And still it shall without a weight increase,
 Like this New-year, whose motions never cease;
 For since the glorious course you have begun
 Is led by Charles, as that is by the sun,
 It must both weightless and immortal prove,
 Because the centre of it is above. 156

DEATH OF LORD HASTINGS.

Must noble Hastings immaturely die,
 The honour of his ancient family ;
 Beauty and learning thus together meet,
 To bring a winding for a wedding sheet ?
 Must virtue prove Death's harbinger ? must she, 5
 With him expiring, feel mortality ?
 Is death, sin's wages, grace's now ? shall art
 Make us more learned only to depart ?
 If merit be disease, if virtue death ;
 To be good not to be ; who'd then bequeath 10
 Himself to discipline ? who'd not esteem
 Labour a crime ? study self-murder deem ?
 Our noble youth now have pretence to be
 Dunces securely, ign'rant healthfully.
 Rare linguist ! whose worth speaks itself, whose
 praise, 15
 Tho' not his own, all tongues besides do raise :
 Than whom great Alexander may seem less,
 Who conquer'd men, but not their languages.
 In his mouth nations spake ; his tongue might be
 Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy. 20
 His native soil was the four parts o' th' earth ;
 All Europe was too narrow for his birth.
 A young apostle, and, with rev'rence may
 I speak it, inspir'd with gift of tongues as they.

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Nature gaye him, a child, what men in vain 25

Of't strive, by art tho' further'd, to obtain.

His body was an orb, his sublime soul

Did move on Virtue's and on learning's pole ;

Whose reg'lar motions better to our view

Than Archimedes' sphere the heav'ns did shew. 30

Grace and virtues, languages and arts;

Beauty and learning, fill'd up all the parts.

Heav'n's gifts, which do like falling stars appear

Scatter'd in others, all, as in their sphere,

Were fix'd, conglobate in his soul; and thence 35

Shone thro' his body with sweet influence,

Letting their glories so on each limb fall,

The whole frame render'd was celestial.

Come, learned Ptolemy, and trial make,

If thou this hero's altitude canst take : 40

But that transcends thy skill; thrice happy all,

Could we but prove thus astronomical.

Liv'd Tycho now, struck with this ray which shone

More bright i' th' morn' than others beam at noon,

He'd take his astrolabe, and seek out here 45

What new star 'twas did gild our hemisphere.

Replenish'd then with such rare gifts as these,

Where was room left for such a foul disease ?

The nation's sin hath drawn that veil, which shrouds

Our day-spring in so sad benighting clouds; 50

Heav'n would no longer trust its pledge, but thus

Recall'd it, rapt its Ganymede from us.

Was there no milder way but the small-pox,
 The very filthiness of Pandora's box?
 So many spots, like naevs on Venus' soil, 55
 One jewel set off with so many a foil: [did sprout
 Blisters with pride swell'd, which through's flesh
 Like rose-buds stuck i' th' lily-skin about.
 Each little pimple had a tear in it,
 To wail the fault its rising did commit; 60
 Which, rebel-like with its own lord at strife,
 Thus made an insurrection 'gainst his life.
 Or were these gems sent to adorn his skin,
 The cab'net of a richer soul within?
 No comet need foretel his change drew on, 65
 Whose corpse might seem a constellation.
 O! had he dy'd of old, how great a strife [life?
 Had been, who from his death should draw their
 Who should, by one rich draught, become whate'er
 Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæsar, were? 70
 Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and have by this
 An universal metempsychosis.
 Must all these aged sires in one fun'ral
 Expire? all die in one so young, so small?
 Who, had he liv'd his life out his great fame 75
 Had swell'n 'bove any Greek or Roman name.
 But hasty winter, with one blast, hath brought
 The hopes of Autumn, Summer, Spring, to nought.
 Thus fades the oak i' th' sprig; i' th' blade the corn;
 Thus, without young, this phœnix dies new-born, 80

Must then old three-legg'd gray-beards, with their gout
Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three ages out ?

Time's offals, only fit for th' hospital !

Or to hang antiquaries' rooms withal !

Must drunkards, lechers, spent with sinning, live 85

With such helps as broths, possets, physic, give ?

None live but such as should die ? shall we meet

With none but ghostly fathers in the street ?

Grief makes me rail ; sorrow will force its way,

And show'rs of tears tempestuous sighs best lay. 90

The tongue may fail, but overflowing eyes

Will weep out lasting streams of elegies.

But thou, O virgin-widow ! left alone,

Now thy belov'd, heav'n-ravish'd, spouse is gone,

Whose skilful sire in vain strove to apply 95

Med'cines when thy balm was no remedy,

With greater than Platonic love, O wed

His soul, tho' not his body, to thy bed :

Let that make thee a mother ; bring thou forth

Th' ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth ; 100

Transcribe th' original in new copies ; give

Hastings o' th' better part ; so shall he live

In's nobler half ; and the great grandsire be

Of an heroic, divine progeny ;

An issue which t' eternity shall last, 105

Yet but th' irradiations which he cast.

Erect no mausoleums ; for his best

Monument is his spouse's marble breast. 108

EPISTLES*.

I.

To my honoured friend, Sir ROBERT HOWARD, on his excellent poems.

As there is music, uninform'd by art,
In those wild notes which, with a merry heart,
The birds in unfrequented shades express,
Who, better taught at home, yet please us less;
So in your verse a native sweetness dwells, 5
Which shames composure, and its art excels,
Singing no more can your soft numbers grace,
'Than paint adds charms unto a beauteous face.
Yet as when mighty rivers gently creep,
Their even calmness does suppose them deep, 10
Such is your Muse: no metaphor swell'd high,
With dang'rous boldness, lifts her to the sky:
Those mounting fancies, when they fall again,
Shew sand and dirt at bottom do remain.
So firm a strength, and yet withal so sweet, 15
Did never but in Samson's riddle meet.

* The Epistles are in this edition, arranged according to chronological order, which was never done before, excepting in the edition of the Miscellanies in 1760, in four volumes octavo. The epistle to Mr. Julian is retained, not from any high opinion of its value, but because we find it in the Miscellanies, and cannot, therefore, suppose it to be an imposition

'Tis strange each line so great a weight should bear,
 And yet no sign of toil, no sweat appear.
 Either your art hides art, as Stoics feign
 Then least to feel when most they suffer pain, 20
 And we, dull souls ! admire, but cannot see
 What hidden springs within the engine be ;
 Or 'tis some happiness that still pursues
 Each act and motion of your graceful Muse.
 Or is it Fortune's work, that in your head 25
 The curious net that is for fancies spread
 Lets thro' its meshes ev'ry meaner thought,
 While rich ideas there are only caught ?
 Sure that's not all ; this is a peace too fair,
 To be the child of Chance, and not of Care. 30
 No atoms casually together hurl'd,
 Could e'er produce so beautiful a world :
 Nor dare I such a doctrine here admit
 As would destroy the providence of Wit.
 'Tis your strong genius, then, which does not feel
 Those weights would make a weaker spirit reel. 36
 To carry weight and run so lightly too,
 Is what alone your Pegasus can do.
 Great Hercules himself could ne'er do more
 Than not to feel those heav'ns and gods he bore. 40
 Your easier Odes, which for delight were penn'd,
 Yet our instruction make their second end ;
 We're both enrich'd and pleas'd, like them that woo
 At once a beauty and a fortune too.

Of moral knowledge Poesy was queen, 45
 And still she might, had wanton wits not been,
 Who, like ill guardians, liv'd themselves at large,
 And, not content with that, debauch'd their charge :
 Like some brave captain, your successful pen
 Restores the exil'd to her crown again, 50
 And gives us hope that, having seen the days,
 When nothing flourish'd but fanatic bays,
 All will at length in this opinion rest,
 " A sober prince's government is best."
 This is not all; your art the way has found 55
 To make th' improvement of the richest ground ;
 That soil which those immortal laurels bore,
 That once the sacred Maro's temples wore.
 Eliza's griefs are so express'd by you,
 They are too eloquent to have been true. 60
 Had she so spoke, Æneas had obey'd
 What Dido, rather than what Jove, had said,
 If fun'ral rites can give a ghost repose,
 Your Muse so justly has discharged those.
 Eliza's shade may now its wand'ring cease, 65
 And claim a title to the fields of peace,
 But if Æneas be oblig'd, no less
 Your kindness great Achilles doth confess,
 Who dress'd by Statius in too bold a look,
 Did ill become those virgin-robcs he took, 70
 To understand how much we owe to you,
 We must your numbers with your author's view ;

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45 Then we shall see his work was lamely rough,
 Each figure stiff, as if design'd in buff;
 His colours laid so thick on ev'ry place,
 As only shew'd the paint, but hid the face. 76
 But as in perspective we beauties see,
 50 Which in the glass, not in the picture, be;
 So here our sight obligingly mistakes
 That wealth, which his your bounty only makes. 80
 Thus vulgar dishes are by cooks disguis'd,
 More for their dressing than their substance priz'd.
 55 Your curious Notes so search into that age,
 When all was fable but the sacred page,
 That, since in that dark night we needs must stray,
 We are at least misled in pleasant way. 86
 But what we most admire, your verse no less
 The prophet than the poet doth confess.
 60 Ere our weak eyes discern'd the doubtful streak
 Of light, you saw great Charles his morning break.
 So skilful seamen ken the land from far, 91
 Which shews like mists to the dull passenger.
 To Charles your Muse first pays her duteous love,
 As still the Ancients did begin from Jove.
 With menk you end, whose name preserv'd shall be
 As Rome recorded Rufus' memory,
 Who thought it greater honour to obey
 70 His country's int'rest than the world to sway.
 But to write worthy things of worthy men,
 Is the peculiar talent of your pen : 100

Yet let me take your mantle up, and I
 Will venture, in your right, to prophesy.
 “ This work, by merit first of fame secure,
 “ Is likewise happy in its geniture ;
 “ For since ’tis born when Charles ascends the throne,
 “ It shares, at once, his fortune and its own.” 106

II.

*To my honoured friend, Dr. CHARLETON, on his learned
 and useful works ; but more particularly his Treatise of
 Stone-Henge, by him restored to the true founder.*

THE longest tyranny that ever sway’d,
 Was that wherein our ancestors betray’d
 Their free-born reason to the Stagyrite,
 And made his torch their universal light.
 So truth, while only one supply’d the state, 5
 Grew scarce and dear, and yet sophisticate.
 Still it was bought, like emp’ric wares or charms,
 Hard words, seal’d up with Aristotle’s arms.
 Columbus was the first that shook his throne,
 And found a Temp’rate in a Torrid zone ; 10
 The fev’rish air fann’d by a cooling breeze,
 The fruitful vales set round with shady trees,
 And guiltless men who danc’d away their time,
 Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.
 Had we still paid that homage to a name, 15
 Which only God and Nature justly claim,

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The western seas had been our utmost bound,
 Where poets still might dream the sun was drown'd,
 And all the stars that shine in southern skies,
 Had been admired by none but savage eyes. 20

Among th' asserters of free Reason's claim,
 Our nation's not the least in worth or fame.
 The world to Bacon does not only owe
 Its present knowledge, but its future too.
 Gilbert shall live till loadstones cease to draw, 25
 Or British fleets the boundless ocean awe;
 And noble Boyle, not less in Nature seen
 Than his great brother read in states and men.
 The circling streams, once thought but pools of blood,
 (Whether life's fuel or the body's food) 30

From dark oblivion Harvey's name shall save,
 While Ent keeps all the honour that he gave.
 Nor are you, learned Friend! the least renown'd,
 Whose fame, not circumscrib'd with English ground,
 Flies, like the nimble journies of the light, 35
 And is, like that, unspent, too, in its flight.

Whatever truths have been by Art or Chance
 Redeem'd from error or from ignorance,
 Thin in their authors, like rich veins of ore,
 Your works unite, and still discover more : 40

Such is the healing virtue of your pen,
 To perfect cures on books as well as men.
 Nor is this work the least; you well may give
 To men new vigour, who make stones to live.

Thro' you the Danes, their short dominion lost, 45
 A longer conquest than the Saxons boast.
 Stone-Henge, once thought a temple, you have found
 A throne, where kings, our earthly gods, were crown'd;
 Where by their wond'ring subjects they were seen,
 Joy'd with their stature and their princely mien. 50
 Our Sov'reign here above the rest might stand,
 And here he chose again to rule the land.

These Ruins shelter'd once his sacred head,
 When he from Worc'ster's fatal battle fled,
 Watch'd by the Genius of this royal place, 55
 And mighty visions of the Danish race.
 His refuge, then, was for a temple shown;
 But, he restor'd, 'tis now become a throne, 58

III.

*To the Lady CASTLEMAIN, upon her encouraging his
 first play.*

As seamen, shipwreck'd on some happy shore,
 Discover wealth in lands unknown before,
 And, what their art had labour'd long in vain,
 By their misfortunes happily obtain;
 So my much-envy'd Muse, by storms long tost, 5
 Is thrown upon your hospitable coast.
 And finds more favour by her ill success,
 Than she could hope for by her happiness.

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Once Cato's virtue did the gods oppose,
 While they the victor, he the vanquish'd, chose; 10
 But you have done what Cato could not do,
 To chuse the vanquish'd, and restore him too.
 Let others still triumph, and gain the cause
 By their deserts, or by the world's applause;
 Let Merit crowns, and Justice laurels, give, 15
 But let me, happy, by your pity live.
 True poets empty fame and praise despise;
 Fame is the trumpet, but your smile the prize.
 You sit above, and see vain men below
 Contend for what you only can bestow: 20
 But those great actions others do by chance,
 Are, like your beauty, your inheritance:
 So great a soul, such sweetness, join'd in one,
 Could only spring from noble Grandison.
 You, like the stars, not by reflection bright, 25
 Are born to your own heav'n and your own light;
 Like them are good, but from a nobler cause,
 From your own knowledge, not from Nature's laws.
 Your pow'r you never use but for defence,
 To guard your own or others' innocence: 30
 Your foes are such as they, not you, have made,
 And Virtue may repel, tho' not invade.
 Such courage did the ancient heroes show,
 Who, when they might prevent, would wait the blow;
 With such assurance as they meant to say, 35
 We will o'ercome, but scorn the safest way.

What further fear of danger can there be?
 Beauty, which captives all things, sets me free.
 Posterity will judge by my success,
 I had the Grecian poet's happiness, 40
 Who, waving plots, found out a better way;
 Some god descended, and preserv'd the play.
 When first the triumphs of your sects were sung
 By those old poets, Beauty was but young,
 And few admir'd the native red and white, 45
 Till poets dress'd them up to charm the sight;
 So Beauty took on trust, and did engage
 For sums of praises till she came to age:
 But this long-growing debt to poetry
 You, justly, Madam, have discharg'd to me, 50
 When your applause and favour did infuse
 New life to my condemn'd and dying Muse.

IV.

To Mr. LEE on his ALEXANDER.

THE blast of common censure could I fear,
 Before your play my name should not appear;
 For 'twill be thought, and with some colour too,
 I pay the bribe I first receiv'd from you;
 That mutual vouchers for our fame we stand, 5
 And play the game into each other's hand;
 And as cheap penn'worths to ourselves afford,
 As Bessus and the brothers of the sword.

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Such libels private men may well endure,
When states and kings themselves are not secure ; 10
For ill men, conscious of their inward guilt,
40 Think the best actions on by-ends are built.
And yet my silence had not 'scap'd their spite,
Then envy had not suffer'd me to write ;
For since I could not ignorance pretend, 15
Such merit I must envy or commend.
50 So many candidates their stand for wit,
A place at court is scarce so hard to get :
In vain they crowd each other at the door ;
For e'en reversions are all begg'd before : 20
Desert, how known soe'er, is long delay'd,
55 And then, too, fools and knaves are better paid.
Yet as some actions bear so great a name,
That courts themselves are just for fear of shame ;
So has the mighty merit of your play 25
Extorted praise, and forc'd itself a way.
'Tis here as 'tis at sea ; who farthest goes,
Or dares the most makes all the rest his foes.
Yet when some virtue much outgrows the rest,
It shoots too fast and high to be express'd ; 30
As his heroic worth struck Envy dumb
Who took the Dutchman, and who cut the boom.
Such praise is your's, while you the passions move,
That 'tis no longer feign'd, 'tis real love,
Where Nature triumphs over wretched Art ; 35
We only warm the head, but you the heart ;

Always you warm ; and if the rising year,
 As in hot regions, brings the sun too near,
 'Tis but to make your fragrant spices blow,
 Which in our cooler climates will not grow. 40
 They only think you animate your theme
 With too much fire, who are themselves all phlegm.
 Prizes would be for lags of slowest pace,
 Were cripples made the judges of the race.
 Despise those drones who praise while they accuse
 The too much vigour of your youthful Muse : 46
 That humble style which they your virtue make
 Is in your pow'r ; you need but stoop and take.
 Your beauteous images must be allow'd
 By all, but some vile poets of the crowd. 50
 But how should any signpost-dauber know
 The worth of Titian or of Angelo?
 Hard features ev'ry bungler can command ;
 To draw true beauty shews a master's hand.

V.

*To the Earl of ROSCOMMON, on his excellent Essay on
 Translated Verse.*

WHETHER the fruitful Nile or Tyrian shore
 The seeds of arts and infant science bore,
 'Tis sure the noble plant, translated first,
 Advanc'd its head in Grecian gardens nurst

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The Grecians added verse ; their tuneful tongue 5
 Made Nature first, and Nature's God, their song.
 Nor stopt translation her : for conqu'ring Rome,
 40 With Grecian spoils, brought Grecian numbers home,
 Enrich'd by those Athenian Muses more
 Than all the vanquish'd world could yield before ; 10
 Till barb'rous nations, and more barb'rous times,
 Debas'd the majesty of verse to rhymes ;
 Those rude at first, a kind of hobbling prose,
 46 That limp'd along, and tinkled in the close.
 But Italy, reviving from the trance 15
 Of Vandal, Goth, and Monkish ignorance,
 With pauses, cadence, and well-vowell'd words,
 50 And all the graces a good ear affords,
 Made rhyme an art ; and Dante's polish'd page
 Restor'd a Silver, not a Golden, age.
 Then Petrarch follow'd, and in him we see
 What rhyme, improv'd in all its height, can be ; }
 At best a pleasing sound and fair barbarity.
 The French pursu'd their steps ; and Britain last,
 In manly sweetness all the rest surpass'd. 25
 The wit of Greece, the gravity of Rome,
 Appear exalted in the British loom :
 The Muses' empire is restor'd again
 In Charles his reign, and by Roscommon's pen :
 Yet modestly he does his work survey, 30
 And calls a finish'd poem an Essay :

For all the needful rules are scatter'd here,
 Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe ;
 So well is art disguis'd, for nature to appear.
 Nor need those rules to give translation light ; 35
 His own example is a flame so bright,
 That he who but arrives to copy well,
 Unguided will advance, unknowing will excel.
 Scarce his own Horace could such rules ordain,
 Or his own Virgil sing a nobler strain. 40
 How much in him may rising Ireland boast !
 How much in gaining him has Britain lost !
 Their island, in revenge, has our's reclaim'd ;
 The more instructed we, the more we still are sham'd.
 'Tis well for us his gen'rous blood did flow, 45
 Deriv'd from British channels long ago,
 That here his conq'ring ancestors were nurst,
 And Ireland but translated England first :
 By this reprisal we regain our right,
 Else must the two contending nations fight ; 50
 A nobler quarrel for his native earth,
 Than what divided Greece for Homer's birth.
 To what perfection will our tongue arrive.
 How will invention and translation thrive,
 When authors nobly born will bear their part, 55
 And not disdain th' inglorious praise of art !
 Great gen'als thus, descending from command,
 With their own toil provoke the soldiers' hand.

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How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to hear
 His fame augmented by an English peer ! 60
 How he embellishes his Helen's loves,
 Outdoes his softness, and his sense improves !
 When these translate, and teach translators too,
 Nor firstling kid, nor any vulgar vow,
 Should at Apollo's grateful altar stand : 65 }
 Roscommon writes ; to that auspicious hand,
 Muse ! feed the bull that spurns the yellow sand. }
 Roscommon ! whom both court and camps commend,
 True to his prince, and faithful to his friend ;
 Roscommon ! first in fields of honour known, 70 }
 First in the peaceful triumphs of the gown,
 Who both Minervas justly makes his own. }
 Now let the few belov'd by Jove, and they
 Whom infus'd Titan form'd of better clay,
 On equal terms with ancient wit engage, 75
 Nor mighty Homer fear, nor sacred Virgil's page :
 Our English palace opens wide in state,
 And without stooping, they may pass the gate. 78

VI.

To her Royal Highness the DUCHESS, on the memorable vic-
tory gained by the Duke over the Hollanders, June 3,
1665 ; and on her journey afterwards into the North.

MADAM,

WHEN, for our sakes, your hero you resign'd
 To swelling seas, and every faithless wind ;

When you releas'd his courage, and set free
 A valour fatal to the enemy,
 You lodg'd your country's cares within your breast,
 (The mansion where soft love should only rest) 6
 And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,
 The noblest conquest you had gain'd at home.
 Ah, what concerns did both your souls divide!
 Your honour gave us what your love deny'd; 10
 And 'twas for him much easier to subdue
 Those foes he fought with than to part from you.
 That glorious day which two such navies saw,
 As each, unmatched, might to the world give law,
 Neptung, yet doubtful whom he should obey, 15
 Held to them both the trident of the sea:
 The winds were hush'd the waves in ranks were cast,
 As awfully as when God's people past;
 Those yet uncertain on whose sails to blow,
 These where the wealth of nations ought to flow. 20
 Then with the Duke your Highness rul'd the day;
 While all the brave did his command obey,
 The fair and pious under you did pray. }
 How pow'rful are chaste vows! the wind and tide
 You brib'd to combat on the English side. 25
 Thus to your much-lov'd lord you did convey
 An unknown succour, sent the nearest way:
 New vigour to his wearied arms you brought,
 (So Moses was upheld while Israel fought)

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While, from afar, we heard the cannon play, 30
 Like distant thunder on a shiny day.
 For absent friends we were asham'd to fear,
 When we consider'd what you ventur'd there.
 Ships, men, and arms, our country might restore,
 But such a leader could supply no more. 35
 With gen'rous thoughts of conquest he did burn,
 Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.
 Fortune and victory he did pursue,
 To bring them, as his slaves, to wait on you.
 Thus beauty ravish'd the rewards of fame, 40
 And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'ercame.
 Then, as you meant to spread another way,
 By land, your conquests, far as his by sea,
 Leaving our southern clime, you march'd along
 The stubborn North ten thousand Cupid's strong. 45
 Like commons the nobility resort,
 In crowding heaps, to fill your moving court :
 To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
 Like some new envoy from the distant sun ;
 And country-beauties by their lovers go, 50
 Blessing themselves, and wond'ring at the show.
 So when the new-born phoenix first is seen,
 Her feather'd subjects all adore their queen,
 And while she makes her progress through the East,
 From ev'ry grove her num'rous train's increas'd ; 55
 Each Poet of the air her glory sings,
 And round him the pleas'd audience clap their wings.

VII.

A letter to Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE.

To you we live in chill degree,
 As map informs, of fifty-three,
 And do not much for cold atone,
 By bringing thither fifty-one,
 Methinks all climes should be alike,
 From Tropic e'en to pole Arctic,
 Since you have such a constitution
 As no where suffers diminution.
 You can be old in grave debate,
 And young in love-affairs of state;
 And both to wives and husbands show
 The vigour of a Plenipo.

Like mighty missioner you come

Ad partes infidelium.

A work of wondrous merit sure,
 So far to go, so much t' endure;
 And all to preach to German dame,
 Where sound of Cupid never came.
 Less had you done, had you been sent
 As far as Drake or Pinto went,
 For cloves or nutmegs to the Line-a.
 Or e'en for oranges to China,
 That had indeed been charity,
 Where love-sick ladies helpless lie,
 Chapt, and for want of liquor dry.

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But you have made your zeal appear
Within the circle of the Bear :

What region of the earth so dull,
That is not of your labours full ?

Triptolemus (so sung the Nine)

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Strew'd plenty from his cart divine.

But, spite of all these fable-makers,

He never sow'd on Almain acres :

No, that was left, by Fate's decree,

To be perform'd and sung by thee.

35

Thou break'st thro' forms with as much ease

As the French king thro' articles.

In grand affairs thy days are spent,

In waging weighty compliment

With such as monarchs represent.

40 }

They whom such vast fatigues attend,

Want some soft minutes to unbend,

To shew the world that now and then

Great ministers are mortal men.

Then Rhenish rummers walk the round,

45

In bumpers ev'ry king is crown'd ;

Besides three holy mitred Hectors,

And the whole college of Electors.

No health of potentate is sunk,

That pays to make his Envoy drunk.

50

These Dutch delights I mention'd last

Suit not, I know, your English taste ;

For wine, to leave a whore or play,

Was ne'er your Excellency's way.

Nor need this title give offence,
 For here you were your Excellence;
 For gaming, writing, speaking, keeping,
 His Excellence for all but sleeping.
 Now, if you top in form and treat,
 'Tis the sour sauce to the sweet meat,
 The fine you pay for being great.
 Nay, here's a harder imposition,
 Which is indeed the Court's petition,
 That, setting worldly pomp aside,
 Which poet has at fount deny'd,
 You would be pleas'd, in humble way,
 To write a trifle call'd a Play.
 This truly is a degradation,
 But would oblige the crown and nation
 Next to your wise negotiation.
 If you pretend, as well you may,
 Your high degree, your friends will say,
 The Duke St. Aignon made a play.
 If Gallic wit convince you scarce,
 His Grace of Bucks has made a Farce;
 And you, whose comic wit is terse all,
 Can hardly fall below Rehearsal:
 Then finish what you have began,
 But scribble faster, if you can:
 For yet no George, to our discerning,
 Has writ without a ten year's warning.

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VIII.

*To Mr. SOUTHERN, on his Comedy called The Wife's
Excuse.*

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 60 } SURE there's a fate in plays, and 'tis in vain
 To write while these malignant planets reign.
 Some very foolish influence rules the pit,
 Not always kind to sense, or just to wit,
 And whilst it lasts let buffoon'ry succeed 5
 65 To make us laugh, for never was more need.
 Farce, in itself, is of a nasty scent,
 But the gain smells not of the excrement.
 The Spanish Nymph, a wit and beauty too,
 With all her charms, bore but a single show; 10
 70 } But let a monster Muscovite appear,
 He draws a crowded audience round the year.
 May be thou hast not pleas'd the box and pit; }
 Yet those who blame thy tale applaud thy wit: }
 To Terence plotted but so Terence writ. 15 }
 75 Like his thy thoughts are true, thy language clean;
 E'en lewdness is made moral in thy scene.
 The hearers may for want of Nokes repine,
 But rest secure the readers will be thine.
 Nor was thy labour'd drama damn'd or hiss'd, 20
 80 But with a kind civility dismiss'd;
 With such good manners as the wife did use
 Who, not excepting, did but just refuse.

Volume III.

E

There was a glance at parting ; such a look
 As bids thee not give o'er for one rebuke.
 But if thou would'st be seen as well as read,
 Copy one living author and one dead :
 The standard of thy style let Etherege be ;
 For wit, th' immortal spring of Wycherley :
 Learn, after both, to draw some just design,
 And the next age will learn to copy thine,

25

31

IX.

*To HENRY HIGDEN, Esq. on his translation of the
 Tenth Satire of Juvenal.*

THE Grecian wits, who satire first began,
 Were pleasant pasquins on the life of man ;
 At mighty villains, who the state oppress,
 They durst not rail ; perhaps they lash'd, at least,
 And turn'd them out of office with a jest.
 No fool could peep abroad, but ready stand
 The drolls to clap a bauble in his hand.
 Wise legislators never yet could draw
 A fop within the reach of common law ;
 For posture, dress, grimace, and affectation,
 Tho' foes to sense, are harmless to the nation.
 Our last redress is dint of verse to try,
 And satire is our court of Chancery.
 This way took Horace to reform an age
 Not bad enough to need an author's rage.

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25 But your's who liv'd in more degen'rate times,
 Was forc'd to fasten deep, and worry crimes.
 Yet you, my Friend ! have temper'd him so well,
 You make him smile in spite of all his zeal ;
 An art peculiar to yourself alone, 20
 To join the virtues of two styles in one.

31 Oh ! were your author's principle receiv'd,
 Half of the lab'ring world would be reliev'd :
 For not to wish is not be deceiv'd. }

Revenge would into charity be chang'd, 25
 Because it costs too dear to be reveng'd :

of the It costs our quiet and content of mind,
 And when 'tis compass'd leaves a sting behind.
 Suppose I had the better end o' th' staff,
 Why should I help th' ill-natur'd world to laugh ?

'Tis all alike to them who get the day ; 31

They love the spite and mischief of the fray.

No ; I have cur'd myself of that disease,

Nor will I be provok'd but when I please ;

But let me half that cure to you restore, 35

You gave the salve, I laid it to the sore.

Our kind relief against a rainy day,

Beyond a tavern or a tedious play, }

We take your book, and laugh our spleen away. }

If all your tribe too studious of debate, 40

Would cease false hopes and titles to create,

Led by the rare example you begun,

Clients would fail, and lawyers be undone.

X.

*To my dear friend Mr. CONGREVE, on his Comedy called
The Double Dealer.*

WELL, then, the promis'd hour is come at last,
The present age of wit obscures the past :
Strong were our sires, and as they fought they writ,
Conqu'ring with force of arms and dint of wit :
Theirs was the giant race before the flood, 5
And thus when Charles return'd our empire stood.
Like Janus, he the stubborn soil manur'd,
With rules of husbandry, the rankness cur'd ;
Tam'd us to manners when the stage was rude,
And boist'rous English wit with art endu'd. 10
Our age was cultivated thus at length,
But what we gain'd in skill we lost in strength.
Our builders were with want of genius curs'd ;
The second temple was not like the first ;
Till you, the best Vitruvius, come at length, 15
Our beauties-equal but excel our strength.
Firm Doric Pillars found your solid base,
The fair Corinthian crowns the higher space ;
Thus all below is strength, and all above is grace. }
In easy dialogue is Fletcher's praise ; 20
He mov'd the mind, but had not pow'r to raise.
Great Johnson did by strength of judgment please ;
Yet doubling Fletcher's force he wants his ease.

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In diff'ring talents both adorn'd their age,
 One for the study, th' other for the stage; 25
 But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
 One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatch'd in wit.

In him all beauties of this age we see,
 Etherege his courtship, Southern's purity,
 The satire, wit, and strength of manly Wycherley }
 All this in blooming youth you have achiev'd, 31
 Nor are your foil'd contemporaries griev'd.

So much the sweetness of your manners move,
 We cannot envy you, because we love.
 Fabius might joy in Scipio, when he saw 35
 A beardless consul made against the law,
 And join his suffrage to the votes of Rome,
 Tho' he with Hannibal was overcome.

Thus old Romano bow'd to Raphael's fame,
 And scholar to the youth he taught became. 40

O that your brows my laurel had sustain'd!
 Well had I been depos'd, if you had reign'd :
 The father had descended for the son,
 For only you are lineal to the throne.

Thus when the state one Edward did depose, 45
 A greater Edward in his room arose.

But now not I, but Poetry is curs'd,
 For Tom the Second reigns like Tom the First.
 But let 'em not mistake my patron's part,
 Nor call his charity their own desert. 50

Yet this I prophecy : Thou shalt be seen
 (Tho' with some short parenthesis between)
 High on the throne of Wit, and, seated there,
 Not mine (that's little) but thy laurel wear.
 Thy first attempt an early promise made; 55
 That early promise this has more than paid.
 So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
 That your least praise is to be regular.
 Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought,
 But genius must be born, and never can be taught. 60
 This is your portion, this your native store,
 Heav'n, that but once was prodigal before, [more. }
 To Shakspeare gave as much; she could not give him }
 Maintain your post, that's all the fame you need,
 For 'tis impossible you should proceed. 65
 Already I am worn with cares and age,
 And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage.
 Unprofitably kept at Heav'n's expense,
 I live a rent-charge on his providence :
 But you, whom ev'ry Muse and Grace adorn, 70
 Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
 Be kind to my remains; and, O defend,
 Against your judgment, your departed friend!
 Let not th' insulting foe my fame pursue,
 But shade those laurels which descend to you; 75
 And take for tribute what these lines express;
 You merit more, nor could my love do less.

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XI.

*To Mr. GRANVILLE, on his excellent Tragedy called
Heroic Love.*

AUSPICIOUS Poet! wert thou not my friend,
 How could I envy what I must commend?
 But since 'tis Nature's law in love and wit,
 That youth should reign, and with'ring age submit,
 With less regret those laurels I resign, 5
 Which dying on my brows, revive on thine.
 With better grace an ancient chief may yield
 The long-contended honours of the field,
 Than venture all his fortune at a cast,
 And fight, like Hannibal, to lose at last. 10
 Young princes, obstinate to win the prize,
 Tho' yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise;
 Old monarchs, tho' successful, still in doubt,
 Catch at a peace, and wisely turn devout.
 Thine be the laurel, then; thy blooming age 15
 Can best, if any can, support the stage,
 Which so declines, that shortly we may see
 Players and plays reduc'd to second infancy.
 Sharp to the world, but thoughtless of renown,
 They plot not on the stage, but on the Town, 20
 And, in despair their empty pit to fill,
 Set up some foreign monster in a bill.

Thus they jog on, still tricking, never thriving,
 And murd'ring plays, which they miscall Reviving.
 Our sense is nonsense thro' their pipes convey'd;
 Scarce can a poet know the play he made, 26
 'Tis so disguis'd in death, nor thinks 'tis he
 That suffers in the mangled tragedy.
 Thus Itys first was kill'd, and after dress'd
 For his own sire, the chief invited guest. 30
 I say not this of thy successful scenes,
 Where thine was all the glory, theirs the gains.
 With length of time, much judgment, and more toil,
 Not ill they acted what they could not spoil.
 Their setting sun still shoots a glimm'ring ray, 35
 Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay;
 And better gleanings their worn soil can boast
 Than the crab-vintage of the neighb'ring coast.
 This diff'rence yet the judging world will see,
 Thou copiest Homer, and they copy thee. 40

XII.

*To my friend Mr. MOTTEUX, on his Tragedy called
 Beauty in Distress.*

'Tis hard, my friend! to write in such an age
 As damns not only poets but the stage.
 That sacred art, by Heav'n itself infus'd,
 Which Moses, David, Solomon, have us'd,

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Is now to be no more. The Muses' foes 5
 Would sink their Maker's praises into prose.
 Were they content to prune the lavish vine
 Of straggling branches, and improve the wine,
 Who but a madman would his thoughts defend?
 All would submit; for all but fools will mend 10
 But when to common sense they give the lie,
 And turn distorted words to blasphemy,
 They give the scandal, and the wise discern,
 Their glosses teach an age, too apt to learn.
 What I have loosely or prophanely writ, 15
 Let them to fires, their due desert, commit:
 Nor, when accus'd by me, let them complain;
 Their faults, and not their function I arraign.
 Rebellion, worse than witchcraft, they pursu'd;
 The pulpit preach'd the crime the people ru'd. 20
 The stage was silenc'd, for the saints would see
 In fields perform'd their plotted tragedy.
 But let us first reform, and then so live,
 That we may teach our teachers to forgive:
 Our desk be plac'd below their lofty chairs; 25
 Ours be the practice, as the precept theirs.
 The moral part, at least, we may divide,
 Humility reward, and punish pride
 Ambition, int'rest, avarice, accuse;
 These are the province of a Tragic Muse. 30
 These hast thou chosen; and the public voice
 Has equall'd thy performance with thy choice.

Time, action, place, are so preserv'd by thee,
 That e'en Cornëille might with envy see
 Th' alliance of his tripled Unity. 53

Thy incidents, perhaps, too thick are sown;
 But too much plenty is thy fault alone.
 At least but two can that good crime commit,
 Thou in design, and Wycherley in wit.
 Let thy own Gauls condemn thee if they dare, 40
 Contented to be thinly regular.

Born there, but not for them, our fruitful soil
 With more increase rewards thy happy toil.
 Their tongue, enfeebled, is refin'd too much,
 And, like pure gold, it bends at ev'ry touch: 45
 Our sturdy Tenton yet will art obey,
 More fit for manly thought, and strengthen'd with
 allay.

But whence art thou aspir'd and thou alone.
 To flourish in an idiom not thy own?
 It moves our wonder that a foreign guest 50
 Should overmatch the most and match the best.
 In under-praising thy deserts I wrong;
 Here find the first deficiency of our tongue;
 Words, once my stock, are wanting to commend
 So great a poet and so good a friend. 55

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XIII.

To the Duchess of YORK, on her return from Scotland in the year 1682.

WHEN factious rage to cruel exile drove
 The Queen of Beauty and the Court of Love,
 The Muses droop'd with their forsaken arts,
 And the sad Cupids broke their useless darts;
 Our fruitful plains to wilds and deserts turn'd, 5
 Like Eden's face when banish'd Man it mourn'd.
 Love was no more when Loyalty was gone,
 The great supporter of his awful throne.
 Love could no longer after Beauty stay,
 But wander'd northward to the verge of day, 10
 As if the sun and he had lost their way. }
 But now th' illustrious Nymph, return'd again,
 Brings ev'ry grace triumphant in her train.
 The wond'ring Nereids, tho' they rais'd no storm,
 Foreflow'd her passage to behold her form. 15
 Some cry'd, A Venus; some, a Thetis, past;
 But this was not so fair, nor that so chaste.
 Far from her sight flew Faction, Strife, and Pride,
 And Envy did but look on her, and dy'd.
 Whate'er we suffer'd from her sullen fate, 20
 Her sight is purchas'd at an easy rate.
 Three gloomy years against this day were set,
 But this one mighty sum has clear'd the debt:

Like Joseph's dream, but with a better doom,
 The famine past, the plenty still to come. 25
 For her the weeping heav'ns become serene;
 For her the ground is clad in cheerful green;
 For her the nightingales are taught to sing,
 And nature has for her delay'd the spring,
 The Muse resumes her long-forgotten lays, 30
 And Love, restor'd, his ancient realm surveys,
 Recals our beauties, and revives our plays;
 His waste dominions peoples once again,
 And from her presence dates his second reign.
 But awful charms on her fair forehead sit, 35
 Dispensing what she never will admit;
 Pleasing, yet cold, like Cynthia's silver beam,
 The people's wonder and the poet's theme,
 Distemper'd Zeal, Sedition, canker'd Hate,
 No more shall vex the church and tear the state; 40
 No more shall Faction civil discords move,
 Or only discords of too tender love;
 Discord like that of music's various parts;
 Discord that makes the harmony of hearts;
 Discord that only this dispute shall bring,
 Who best shall love the Duke and serve the King. 46

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XIV.

*To my honoured kinsman, JOHN DRYDEN, of Chesterton,
in the county of Huntingdon, Esq.*

How bless'd is he who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!
Who, studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age!
All who deserve his love he makes his own. 5
And to be lov'd himself needs only to be known.

Just, good, and wise, contending neighbours come,
From your award to wait their final doom,
And, foes before, return in friendship home. }
Without their cost you terminate the cause, 10
And save th' expence of long litigious laws,
Where suits are travers'd, and so little won,
That he who conquers is but last undone.
Such are not your decrees; but, so design'd,
The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind, 15 }
Like your own soul serene, a pattern of your mind. }

Promoting concord, and composing strife.
Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife;
Where for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence succeeds a short delight; 20
Minds are so hardly match'd, that e'en the first,
Tho' pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise were curst;

Volume III.

F

For man and woman, tho' in one they grow,
 Yet, first or last, return again to two :
 He to God's image, she to his was made ; 25
 So farther from the fount the stream at random stray'd.

How could he stand when, put to double pain,
 He must a weaker than himself sustain ?
 Each might have stood perhaps : but, each alone !
 Two wrestlers help to pull each other down. 30

Not that my verse would blemish all the fair ;
 But yet, if some be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware ; }
 And better shun the bait than struggle in the snare. }
 Thus have you shunn'd, and shun the marry'd state,
 Trusting as little as you can to Fate. 35

No porter guards the passage of your door,
 T' admit the wealthy and exclude the poor ;
 For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart
 To sanctify the whole, by giving part ;
 Heav'n, who foresaw the will, the means has wrought,
 And to the second son a blessing brought : 41
 The first begotten had his father's share,
 But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.

So may your stores and fruitful fields increase,
 And ever be you bless'd who live to bless. 45
 As Ceressow'd wheree'er her chariot flew ;
 As Heav'n in deserts rain'd the bread of dew ;
 So, free to many, to relations most,
 You feed with manna your own Israel host.

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With crowds attended of your ancient race, 50
 You seek the champion sports or sylvan chase:
 With well breath'd beagles you surround the wood,
 E'er then industrious of the common good;
 And often have you brought the wily fox
 To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks; 55
 Chas'd e'en amid the folds, and made to bleed,
 Like felons, where they did the murd'rous deed.
 This fiery game your active youth maintain'd,
 Not yet by years extinguish'd, tho' restrain'd;
 You season still with sports your serious hours, 60
 For age but tastes of pleasures, youth devours.
 The hare in pastures or in plains is found,
 Emblem of human life, who runs the round,
 And, after all his wand'ring ways are done,
 His circle fills, and ends where he begun, 65
 Just as the setting meets the rising sun.
 Thus princes ease their cares; but happier he
 Who seeks not pleasure thro' necessity,
 Than such as once on slipp'ry thrones were plac'd,
 And chasing, sigh to think themselves are chas'd. 70
 So liv'd our sires ere doctors learn'd to kill,
 And multiply'd with theirs the weekly bill.
 The first physicians by debauch were made;
 Excess began, and sloth sustains, the trade.
 Pity the gen'rous kind their cares bestow, 75
 To search forbidden truths; (a sin to know)

To which, if human science could attain,
The doom of death, pronounc'd by God, were vain:
In vain the leech would interpose delay;

Fate fastens first, and vindicates the prey. 80

What help from Art's endeavours can we have?

Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save; [grave, }

But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, and people ev'ry }

And no more mercy to mankind will use.

Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's Muse. 85

Would'st thou be soon dispatch'd, and perish whole?

Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy soul,

By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food,

Toil strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood;

But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men, 90

Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,

Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.

The wise, for cure, on exercise depend:

God never made his work for man to mend. 95

The tree of Knowledge once in Eden plac'd,

Was easy found, but was forbid the taste;

O, had our grandsire walk'd without his wife,

He first had sought the better plant of Life!

Now both are lost; yet, wand'ring in the dark, 100

Physicians for the tree have found the bark:

They, lab'ring for relief of human kind,

With sharpen'd sight some remedies may find: }

Th' apothecary-train is wholly blind.

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From files a random recipe they take, 105

And many deaths of one prescription make.

Garth, gen'rous as his Muse, prescribes and gives;

The shopman sells, and by destruction lives.

Ungrateful tribe ! who, like the viper's brood,

From med'cine issuing, suck their mother's blood ;

Let these obey, and let the learn'd prescribe, 111

That men may die without a double bribe ;

Let them, but under their superiors, kill

When doctors first have sign'd the bloody bill.

He 'scapes the best who, nature to repair, 115

Draws physic from the fields in draughts of vital air.

You hoard not health for your own private use,

But on the public spend the rich produce.

When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,

Your country calls you from you lov'd retreat, 120

And sends to senates, charg'd with common care,

Which none more shuns, and none can better bear.

Where could they find another form'd so fit,

To poise, with solid sense, a sprightly wit ?

Werethese both wanting, as they both abound, 125

Where could so firm integrity be found ?

Well-born, and wealthy, wanting no support,

You steer betwixt the country and the court ;

Nor gratify whate'er the great desire,

Nor grudging give what public needs require. 130

Part must be left, a fund when foes invade,

And part employ'd to roll the wat'ry trade ;

E'en Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Requir'd a sabbath-year to mend the meagre soil.

Good senators (and such as you) so give 135
That kings may be supply'd, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wise,
Who slights not foreign aids, nor over-buys, }
But on our native strength in time of need's relies. }
Munster was bought : we boast not the success ; 140
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.

Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embrac'd:
The peace both parties want is like to last ;
Which, if secure, securely we may trade ;
Or, not secure, should never have been made. 145
Safe in ourselves, while on ourselves we stand,
The sea is our's, and that defends the land.
Be then the naval stores the nation's care,
New ships to build, and batter'd to repair.

Observe the war in ev'ry annual course ; 150
What has been done was done with British force.
Namure subdu'd is England's palm alone ;
The rest besieg'd, but we constrain'd the town.
We saw th' event that follow'd our success ;
France, tho' pretending arms, pursu'd the peace ;
Oblig'd, by one sole treaty, to restore 156
What twenty years of wars had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought ;
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.

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When once the Persian king was put to flight, 160
 The weary Macedons refus'd to fight;
 Themselves their own mortality confest,
 And left the son of Jove to quarrel for the rest.

E'en victors are by victories undone:
 Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won, 165 }
 To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own. }
 While sore of battle, while our wounds are green,
 Why should we tempt the doubtful dye agen?
 In wars renew'd, uncertain of success,
 Sure of a share as umpires of the peace. 170

A patriot both the king and country serves,
 Prerogative and privilege preserves:
 Of each our laws the certain limit show;
 One must not ebb, nor th' other overflow:
 Betwixt the prince and parliament we stand, 175 }
 The barriers of the state on either hand; [land. }
 May neither overflow, for then they drown the }
 When both are full, they feed our bless'd abode.
 Like those that water'd once the Paradise of God.

Some overpoise of sway by turns they share, 180
 In peace the people, and the prince in war:
 Consuls of mod'rate pow'r in calms were made;
 When the Gauls came one sole Dictator sway'd.

Patriots in peace assert the people's right,
 With noble stubbornness resisting might; 185
 No lawless mandates from the Court receive,
 Nor lend by force, but in a body give.

Such was your gen'rous grandsire ; free to grant
 In parliaments that weigh'd their prince's want ;
 But so tenacious of the common cause, 190
 As not to lend the king against his laws ;
 And, in a loathsome dungeon doom'd to lie,
 In bonds retain'd his birth-right liberty,
 And sham'd Oppression till it set him free. }

O true descendent of a patriot line ; 195
 Who, while thou shar'st their lustre lend'st them thine,
 Vouchsafe this picture of thy soul to see ;
 'Tis so far good as it resembles thee :

The beauties to th' original I owe,
 Which, when I miss, my own defects I show: 200
 Nor think the kindred Muses thy disgrace ;
 A poet is not born in ev'ry race :
 Two of a house few ages can afford,
 One to perform, another to record.

Praise-worthy actions are by thee embrac'd, 205
 And 'tis my praise to make thy praises last :
 For ev'n when death dissolves our human frame, }
 The soul returns to Heav'n, from whence it came ; }
 Earth keeps the body, Verse preserves the fame. }

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XV.

To Sir GODFREY KNELLER, *principal painter to his Majesty.*

ONCE I beheld the fairest of her kind,
And still the sweet idea charms my mind:
True, she was dumb; for nature gaz'd so long,
Pleas'd with her work, that she forgot her tongue:
But, smiling, said, She still shall gain the prize; 5
I only have transferr'd it to her eyes.

Such are thy pictures, Kneller! such thy skill,
That Nature seems obedient to thy will;
Comes out, and meets thy pencil in the draught;
Livethere, and wants but words to speak her thought.
At least thy pictures look a voice; and we 11
Imagine sounds; deceiv'd to that degree,
We think 'tis somewhat more than just to see. }

Shadows are but privations of the light,
Yet when we walk they shoot before the sight;
With us approach, retire, arise, and fall; 16
Nothing themselves, and yet expressing all.
Such are thy pieces, imitating life
So near, they almost conquer in the strife,
And from their animated canvas came 20
Demanding souls, and loosen'd from the frame.

Prometheus, were he here, would cast away
His Adam, and refuse a soul to clay;

And either would thy nobler work inspire,
Or think it warm enough without his fire.

But vulgar hands may vulgar likeness raise ;
This is the least attendant on thy praise :
From hence the rudiments of Art began ;
A coal, or chalk, first imitated man :
Perhaps the shadow, taken on a wall, 30
Gave outlines to the rude original,
Ere canvas yet was stain'd, before the grace
Of blended colours found their use and place,
Or cypress tablets first receiv'd a face. }

By slow degrees the godlike art advanc'd ; 35
As man grew polish'd, picture was inhanc'd.
Greece added posture, shade, and perspective,
And then the mimic-piece began to live.
Yet perspective was lame, no distance true.
But all came forward in one common view ; 40
No point of light was known, no bounds of art ;
When light was there it knew not to depart,
But glaring, on remoter objects play'd,
Not languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

Rome rais'd not Art, but barely kept alive, 45
And with old Greece unequally did strive,
Till Goths and Vandals, a rude northern race,
Did all the matchless monuments deface:
Then all the Muses in one ruin lie,
And rhyme began t' enervate poetry. 50

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Thus, in a stupid military state,
 The pen and pensil find an equal fate :
 25 Flat faces, such as would disgrace a screen,
 Such as in Bantam's embassy were seen,
 Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight 55
 Of brutal nations only born to fight.

Long time the Sister Arts, in iron sleep,
 30 A heavy sabbath did supinely keep;
 At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,
 Stretch all their limbs, and open all their eyes. 60

Thence rose the Roman and the Lombard line;
 One colour'd best, and one did best design.
 35 Raphael's, like Homer's, was the nobler part,
 But Titian's painting look'd like Virgil's art.

Thy genius gives thee both: where true design,
 Postures unforc'd, and lively colours join, 66
 Likeness is ever there; but still the best,
 40 Like proper thoughts in lofty language drest,
 Where light, to shades descending, plays, not strives,
 Dies by degrees, and by degrees revives. 70

Of various parts a perfect whole is wrought:
 Thy pictures think, and we divine their thought.

45 Shakespeare, thy gift, I place before my sight;
 With awe I ask his blessing ere I write;
 With rev'rence look on his majestic face, 75
 Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.
 His soul inspires me while thy praise I write,
 50 And I, like Teucer, under Ajax fight :

Bids thee, thro' me, be bold; with dauntless breast
 Contemn the bad, and emulate the best. 80
 Like his, thy critics in th' attempt are lost;
 When most they rail, know; then they envy most.
 In vain they snarl aloof; a noisy crowd.
 Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
 While they their barren industry deplore, 85
 Pass on secure, and mind the goal before.
 Old as she is, my Muse shall march behind.
 Bear off the blast, and intercept the wind.
 Our arts are sisters, tho' not twins in birth,
 For hymns were sung in Eden's happy earth: 90
 But, oh! the Painter-muse, tho' last in place,
 Has seiz'd the blessing first, like Jacob's race.
 Apelles' art an Alexander found,
 And Raphael did with Leo's gold abound,
 But Homer was with barren laurel crown'd. 95
 Thou hadst thy Charles a while, and so had I;
 But pass we that unpleasing image by.
 Rich in thyself, and of thyself divine,
 All pilgrims come and offer at thy shrine.
 A graceful truth thy pencil can command; 100
 The fair themselves go mended from thy hand.
 Likeness appears in every lineament;
 But likeness in thy work is eloquent.
 Tho' Nature there her true resemblance bears,
 A nobler beauty in thy piece appears. 105

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Volume

So warm thy work, so glows the gen'rous frame,
Flesh looks less living in the lovely dame.

Thou paint'st as we describe, improving still,

When on wild Nature we ingraft our skill,

But not creating beauties at our will.

110

But poets are confin'd in narrower space,

To speak the language of their native place:

The painter widely stretches his command;

Thy pencil speaks the tongue of ev'ry land.

114

From hence, my friend! all climates are your own,

Nor can you forfeit, for you hold of none.

All nations, all immunities, will give

To make you their's where'er you please to live,

And not sev'n cities, but the world, would strive:

Sure some propitious planet then did smile,

120

When first you were conducted to this isle:

Our Genius brought you here t' enlarge our fame,

For your good stars are ev'ry where the same.

Thy matchless hand, of ev'ry region free,

Adopts our climate, not our climate thee.

125

Great Rome and Venice early did impart

To thee th' examples of their wondrous art.

Those masters then, but seen, not understood,

With gen'rous emulation fir'd thy blood;

For what in Nature's dawn the child admir'd,

130

The youth endeavour'd, and the man acquir'd.

If yet thou hast not reach'd their high degree,

'Tis only wanting to this age, not thee.

Volume III.

G

Thy genius, bounded by the times, like mine, }
 Drudges on petty draughts, nor dare design 135 }
 A more exalted work, and more divine.
 For what a song or senseless opera
 Is to the living labour of a play;
 Or what a play to Virgil's work would be,
 Such is a single piece to History. 140

But we, who life bestow, ourselves must live ;
 Kings cannot reign unless their subjects give ;
 And they who pay the taxes bear the rule :
 Thus thou, sometimes, art forc'd to draw a fool:
 But so his follies in thy posture sink, 145
 The senseless ideot seems at last to think.

Good Heav'n! that sots and knaves should be so vain
 To wish their vile resemblance may remain !
 And stand recorded, at their own request,
 To future days a libel or a jest ! 150

Else should we see your noble pencil trace
 Our unities of action, time, and place ;
 A whole compos'd of parts, and those the best,
 With ev'ry various character exprest ;
 Heroes at large, and at a nearer view ; 155
 Less, and at distance, an ignobler crew ;
 While all the figures in one action join,
 As tending to complete the main design.

More cannot be by mortal Art exprest,
 But venerable Age shall add the rest : 160

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For Time shall with his ready pencil stand,
 Retouch your figures with his rip'ning hand,
 Mellow your colours, and imbrown the teint,
 Add ev'ry grace which Time alone can grant;
 To future ages shall your fame convey,
 And give more beauties than he takes away. 166

XVI.

*A familiar Epistle to Mr. JULIAN, Secretary of the
 Muscs.*

THOU common shore of this poetic Town,
 Where all the excrements of wit are thrown,
 For sonnet, satire, bawdry, blasphemy,
 Are emptied and disburden'd all in thee;
 The chol'ric wight, untrussing all in rage, 5
 Finds thee, and lays his load upon thy page.
 Thou, Julian! or thou wise Vespasian rather,
 Dost from this dung thy well-pick'd guineas gather;
 All mischief's thine: transcribing thou wilt stoop
 From lofty Middlesex to lowly Scroop. 10
 What times are these when, in the hero's room,
 Bow-bending Cupid doth with ballads come,
 And little Aston offers to the bum? }
 Can two such pigmies such a weight support,
 Two such Tom Thumbs of satire in a court! 15
 Poor George grows old, his Muse worn out of fashion,
 Hoarsly he sung Ephelia's lamentation,

Less art thou help'd by Dryden's bed-ride age,
 That drone has lost his sting upon the stage.
 Resolve me, poor Apostate! this my doubt, 20
 What hope hast thou to rub this winter out?
 Know, and be thankful then, for Providence
 By me hath sent thee this intelligence.

A knight there is, if thou canst gain his grace,
 Known by the name of the Hard-favour'd Face, 25
 For prowess of the pen renown'd is he,
 From Don Quixote descended lineally;
 And tho', like him, unfortunate he prove,
 Undaunted in attempts of wit and love:
 Of his unfinish'd face what shall I say, 30
 But that 'twas made of Adam's own red clay?
 That much, much ochre was on it bestow'd;
 God's image 'tis not, but some Indian god;
 Our Christian earth can no resemblance bring,
 But ware of Portugal, for such a thing. 35
 Such carbuncles his fiery face confess,
 As no Hungarian water can redress;
 A face which, should he see, (but Heav'n was kind,
 And to indulge his self Love made him blind)
 He durst not stir abroad for fear to meet 40
 Curses of teeming women in the street:
 The best could happen from this hideous sight,
 Is that they should miscarry with the fright—
 Heav'n guard 'em from the likeness of the knight. }

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Such is our charming Strephon's outward man, 45
His inward parts let those disclose who can.

20 One while he honoureth Birtha with his flame,
And now he chants no less Lovisa's name ;
For when his passion hath been bubbling long,
The scum at last boils up into a song; 50

And sure no mortal creature, at one time,
Was e'er so far o'ergone with love and rhyme.
To his dear self of poetry he talks,
His hands and feet are scanning as he walks ;
His writhing looks his pangs of wit accuse, 55

30 The airy symptoms of a breeding Muse,
And all to gain the great Lovisa's grace,
But never pen did pimp for such a face :
There's not a nymph in city, town, or court,
But Strephon's billet-doux has been their sport. 60

Still he loves on, yet still he's sure to miss,
35 As they who wash an Ethiop's face or his.

What fate unhappy Strephon does attend,
Never to get a mistress nor a friend ?
Strephon alike both wits and fools detest, 65

'Cause he's like Æsop's batt, half bird half beast ;
40 For fools to poetry have no pretence,

And common wit supposes common sense :
Not quite so low as fool, nor quite a top,
He hangs between them both, and is a fop. 70

His morals, like his wit, are motley too ;
He keeps from arrant knave with much ado ;

But vanity and lying so prevail,
 That one grain more of each would turn the scale.
 He would be more a villain had he time, 75
 But he's so wholly taken up with rhyme,
 That he mistakes his talent, all his care
 Is to be thought a Poet fine and fair.
 Small beer and gruel are his meat and drink,
 The diet he prescribes himself to think : 80
 Rhyme, next his heart, he takes at the morn peep,
 Some love-epistles at the hour of sleep :
 So betwixt elegy and ode, we see
 Strephon is in a course of poetry.
 This is the man ordain'd to do thee good, 85
 The pelican to feed thee with his blood ;
 Thy wit, thy poet, nay, thy friend : for he
 Is fit to be a friend to none but thee.
 Make sure of him, and of his Muse, betimes,
 For all his study is hung round with rhymes. 90
 Laugh at him, jostle him, yet still he writes ;
 In rhyme he challenges, in rhyme he fights :
 Charg'd with the last and basest infamy,
 His bus'ness is to think what rhymes to lie ;
 Which found, in fury he retorts again ; 95
 Strephon's a very dragon at his pen :
 His brother murder'd, and his mother whor'd,
 His mistress lost, and yet his pen's his sword. 98

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XVII.

*To her grace the Dutchess of ORMOND, with the Author's
Translation of Palamon and Arcite.*

MADAM,

THE bard who first adorn'd our native tongue,
Tun'd to his British lyre this ancient song,
Which Homer might without a blush rehearse,
And leaves a doubtful palm in Virgil's verse :
He match'd their beauties where they most excel, 5
Of love sung better, and of arms as well.

Vouchsafe, illustrious Ormond ! to behold
What pow'r the charms of beauty had of old ;
Nor wonder if such deeds of arms were done,
Inspir'd by two fair eyes that sparkled like your own.

If Chaucer by the best idea wrought, 11
And poets can divine each other's thought,
The fairest nymph before his eyes he set,
And then the fairest was Plantagenet,
Who three contending princes made their prize, 15
And rul'd the rival nations with her eyes ;
Who left immortal trophies of her fame,
And to the noblest Order gave the name.

Like her, of equal kindred to the throne,
You keep her conquests and extend your own : 20
As when the stars in their ethereal race,
At length have roll'd around the liquid space,
Atcert ain periods they resume their place ;

From the same point of heav'n their course advance,
 And move in measures of their former dance ; 25
 Thus after length of ages she returns,
 Restor'd in you, and the same place adorns ;
 Or you perform her office in the sphere,
 Born of her blood, and make a new Platonic year.
 O true Plantagenet ! O race divine ! 30

(For beauty still is fatal to the line)
 Had Chaucer liv'd that angel-face to view,
 Sure he had drawn his Emily from you ;
 Or had you liv'd to judge the doubtful right,
 Your noble Palamon had been the Knight ; 35
 And conqu'ring Theseus from his side had sent
 Your gen'rous lord to guide the Theban government.
 Time shall accomplish that ; and I shall see
 A Palamon in him, in you an Emily.

Already have the Fates your path prepar'd, 40
 And sure presage your future sway declar'd.
 When westward, like the sun, you took your way,
 And from benighted Britain bore the day,
 Blue Triton gave the signal from the shore,
 The ready Nereids heard, and swam before 45
 To smoothe the seas ; a soft Etesian gale
 But just inspir'd, and gently swell'd the sail ;
 Portunus took his turn, whose ample hand
 Heav'd up the lighten'd keel, and sunk the sand, }
 And steer'd the sacred vessel safe to land. 50 }

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The land, if not restrain'd, had met your way,
 Projected out a neck, and jutt'd to the sea.
 Hibernia, prostrate at your feet, ador'd,
 In you, the pledge of her expected lord,
 Due to her isle ; a venerable name, 55
 His father and his grandsire known to fame :
 Aw'd by that house, accusom'd to command,
 The sturdy Kerns in due subjection stand,
 Nor bear the reins in any foreign hand. }

At your approach they crowded to the port, 60
 And, scarcely landed, you create a court :
 As Ormond's harbinger, to you they run ;
 For Venus is the promise of the Sun.

The waste of Civil wars their towns destroy'd,
 Pales unhonour'd, Ceres unemploy'd, 65
 Were all forgot ; and one triumphant day
 Wip'd all the tears of three campaigns away.
 Blood, rapines, massacres, were cheaply bought ;
 So mighty recompense your beauty brought.

As when the dove, returning, bore the mark 70
 Of earth restor'd to the long-lab'ring ark,
 The relics of mankind, secure of rest,
 Ope'd ev'ry window to receive the guest,
 And the fair bearer of the message blest : }
 So when you came, with loud repeated cries, 75
 The nation took an omen from your eyes,
 And God advanc'd his rainbow in the skies, }

To sign inviolable peace restor'd ; [cord,
 The saints, with solemn shouts, proclaim the new ac-
 When at your second coming you appear, 80
 (For I foretel that millenary year)

The sharpen'd share shall vex the soil no more,
 But Earth, unbidden, shall produce her store ;
 The Land shall laugh, the circling Ocean smile,
 And Heav'n's indulgence bless the holy isle. 85
 Heav'n from all ages has reserv'd for you
 That happy clime which venom never knew ;
 Or if it had been there, your eyes alone
 Have pow'r to chase all poison but their own.

Now in this interval which Fate has cast 90
 Betwixt your future glories and your past,
 This pause of pow'r, 'tis Ireland's hour to mourn,
 While England celebrates your safe return,
 By which you seem the seasons to command, 94
 And bring our summers back to their forsaken land.

The vanquish'd isle our leisure must attend, }
 Till the fair blessing we vouchsafe to send ;
 Nor can we spare you long, tho' often we may lend. }
 The dove was twice employ'd abroad before
 The world was dry'd, and she return'd no more. 100

Nor dare we trust so soft a messenger,
 New from her sickness, to that Northern air ;
 Rest here a while, your lustre to restore,
 That they may see you as you shone before ;

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For yet th' eclipse not wholly past, you wade 105
Through some remains and dimness of a shade.

A subject in his prince may claim a right,
Nor suffer him, with strength impair'd, to fight :
Till force returns his ardour we restrain,
And curb his warlike wish to cross the main. 110

Now past the danger, let the learn'd begin
Th' inquiry, where disease could enter in ?
How those malignant atoms forc'd their way? [prey?
What in the faultless frame they found to make their
Where ev'ry element was weigh'd so well, 115 }
That Heav'n alone, who mix'd the mass, could tell }
Which of the four ingredients could rebel;
And where, imprison'd in so sweet a cage,
A soul might well be pleas'd to pass an age.

And yet the fine materials made it weak ; 120
Porcelain, by being pure, is apt to break :
E'en to your breast the sickness durst aspire, }
And, forc'd from that fair temple to retire, }
Prophanely set the holy place on fire.

In vain your lord, like young Vespasian, mourn'd,
When the fierce flames the sanctuary burn'd : 126
And I prepar'd to pay in verses rude,
A most detested act of gratitude ;

E'en this had been your elegy, which now
Is offer'd for your health, the table of my vow. 130

Your angel, sure, our Morley's mind inspir'd,
To find the remedy your ill requir'd ;

As once the Macedon, by Jove's decree,
 Was taught to dream an herb for Ptolomee :
 Or Heav'n, which had such over-cost bestow'd, 135
 As scarce it could afford to flesh and blood,
 So lik'd the frame, he would not work anew,
 To save the charges of another you.
 Or by his middle science did he steer,
 And saw some great contingent good appear, 140
 Well worth a miracle to keep you here ?
 And for that end preserv'd the precious mould,
 Which all the future Ormonds was to hold ;
 And meditated, in his better mind, 144
 An heir from you who may redeem the failing kind.

Bless'd be the pow'r which has at once restor'd
 The hopes of lost succession to your lord !
 Joy to the first and last of each degree,
 Virtue to courts, and what I long'd to see,
 To you the Graces, and the Muse to me ! 150

O daughter of the Rose ! whose cheeks unite
 The diff'ring titles of the Red and White ;
 Who heav'n's alternate beauty well display,
 The blush of Morning and the Milky way ;
 Whose face is paradise, but fenc'd from sin, 155
 For God in either eye has plac'd a cherubin.

All is your lord's alone : e'en absent he
 Employs the care of chaste Penelope.
 For him you waste in tears your widow'd hours,
 For him your curious needle paints the flow'rs : 160

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Such works, of old, imperial dames were taught ;
Such for Ascanius fair Eliza wrought.

The soft recesses of your hours improve
The three fair pledges of your happy love :
All other parts of pious duty done, 165
You owe your Ormond nothing but a son,
To fill, in future times, his father's place,
And wear the garter of his mother's race. 168

PROLOGUES.*

I.

PROLOGUE. *Spoken the first day of the King's house acting after the fire.*

So shipwreck'd passengers escape to land,
So look they, when on the bare beach they stand
Dropping and cold, and their first fear scarce o'er,
Expecting famine on a desert shore.
From that hard climate we must wait for bread, 5
Whence e'en the natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
Our stage does human chance present to view,
But ne'er before was seen so sadly true :
You are chang'd too, and your pretence to see
Is but a nobler name for charity. 10
Your own provisions furnish out our feasts,
While you the founders make yourselves the guests.
Of all mankind beside Fate had some care,
But for poor Wit no portion did prepare :
'Tis left a rent-charge to the brave and fair. 15
You cherish'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd zealots make their scorn,
Who think that fire a judgment on the stage,
Which spar'd not temples in its furious rage.

* These Prologues and Epilogues are, as nearly as we could prove, here printed in their order of time; and for the dates of many of them we are particularly obliged to Mr. Garrick, who, with great civility, gave us the use of his fine Collection of old Quarto Plays. *Advert. to Dryden's Miscellanies, edit. 1760. in volumes octavo.*

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But as our new-built City rises higher, 20 }
 So from old theatres may new aspire,
 Since Fate contrives magnificence by fire. }
 Our great metropolis does far surpass
 Whate'er is now, and equals all that was.
 Our wit as far does foreign wit excel, 25
 And like a king, should in a palace dwell.
 But we with golden hopes are vainly fed,
 Talk high, and entertain you in a shed.
 Your presence here, for which we humbly sue,
 Will grace old theatres, and build up new. 30

II.

PROLOGUE. *Spoken at the opening of the New house,
 March 26, 1674.*

A PLAIN-built house, after so long a stay,
 Will send you half unsatisfy'd away ;
 When, fall'n from your expected pomp, you find
 A bare convenience only is design'd.
 You, who each day can theatres behold, 5
 Like Nero's palace, shining all with gold,
 Our mean ungilded stage will scorn, we fear,
 And for the homely room disdain the cheer.
 Yet now cheap druggets to a mode are grown, }
 And a plain suit (since we can make but one) 10
 Is better than to be by tarnish'd gaud'ry known. }
 They who are by your favours wealthy made
 With mighty sums may carry on the trade ;

We, broken bankers, half destroy'd by fire,
 With our small stock to humble roofs retire; 15 }
 Pity our loss, while you their pomp admire.
 For fame and honour we no longer strive,
 We yield in both, and only beg to live:
 Unable to support their vast expense,
 Who build and treat with such magnificence, 20
 That, like th' ambitious monarchs of the age,
 They give the law to our provincial stage.
 Great neighbours enviously promote excess,
 While they impose their splendour on the less:
 But only fools, and they of vast estate, 25 }
 Th' extremity of modes will imitate,
 The dangling knee-fringe and the bib-cravat. }
 Yet if some pride with want may be allow'd,
 We in our plainness may be justly proud:
 Our Royal Master will'd it should be so; 30
 Whate'er he's pleas'd to own can need no show:
 That sacred name gives ornament and grace,
 And, like his stamp, makes basest metals pass.
 'Twere folly now a stately pile to raise, 34
 To build a playhouse while you throw down plays;
 While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign,
 And for the pencil you the pen disdain;
 While troops of famish'd Frenchmen hither drive,
 And laugh at those upon whose alms they live,
 Old English authors vanish, and give place 40
 To these new conqu'rors of the Norman race:

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More tamely than your fathers you submit ;
 You're now grown vassals to 'em in your wit.
 Mark, when they play, how our fine fops advance }
 The mighty merits of their men of France. 45 }
 Keep time, cry *Bon*, and humour the cadence.
 Well please yourselves ; but sure 'tis understood
 That French machines have ne'er done England good.
 I would not prophesy our House's fate ;
 But while vain shows and scenes you over-rate, 50
 'Tis to be fear'd——
 That as a fire the former House o'erthrew,
 Machines and tempests will destroy the New. 53

III.

PROLOGUE to the University of Oxford, 1674. Spoken by
 Mr. HART.

POETS, your subjects, have their parts assign'd
 T' unbend and to divert the sov'reign's mind :
 When, tir'd with following Nature, you think fit
 To seek repose in the cool shades of Wit,
 And, from the sweet retreat, with joy survey 5
 What rests, and what is conquer'd, of the way ;
 Here, free yourselves from envy, care, and strife,
 You view the various turns of human life ;
 Safe in our scene, thro' dang'rous courts you go,
 And undebauch'd the vice of cities know. 10

Your theories are here to practice brought,
 As in mechanic operations wrought :
 And man, the little world, before you set,
 As once the sphere of crystal shew'd the great.
 Bless'd, sure, are you above all mortal kind, 15
 If to your fortunes you can suit your mind ;
 Content to see, and shun those ills we show,
 And crimes on theatres alone to know.
 With joy we bring what our dead authors writ, 19
 And beg from you the value of their wit, [claim
 That Shakespeare's, Fletcher's, and great Johnson's
 May be renew'd from those who gave them fame.
 None of our living poets dare appear,
 For Muses so severe are worshipp'd here, 24
 That, conscious of their faults, they shun the eye,
 And, as profane, from sacred places fly, }
 Rather than see th' offended God and die.
 We bring no imperfections but our own ;
 Such faults as made are by the makers shown :
 And you have been so kind, that we may boast 30
 The greatest judges still can pardon most.
 Poets must stoop when they would please our pit,
 Debas'd ev'n to the level of their wit ;
 Disdaining that which yet they know will take, 34
 Hating themselves what their applause must make ;
 But when to praise from you they would aspire,
 Tho' they like eagles mount your Jove is higher.

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So far your knowledge all their pow'r transcends,
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IV.

PROLOGUE to CIRCE. By Dr. DAVENANT, 1675.

WERE you but half so wise as you're severe,
Our youthful poet should not need to fear;
To his green years your censures you would suit,
Not blast the blossom, but expect the fruit.
The sex that best does pleasure understand, 5
Will always chuse to err on th' other hand :
They check not him that's awkward in delight,
But clap the young rogne's cheek, and set him right.
Thus hearten'd well, and flesh'd upon his prey, 10
The youth may prove a man another day.
Your Ben. and Fletcher, in their first young flight,
Did no Volpone nor no Arbaces write;
But hopp'd about, and short excursions made. }
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid, }
And each was guilty of some slighted maid. 15 }
Shakespeare's own Muse her Pericles first bore ;
The prince of Tyre was elder than the Moere.
'Tis miracle to see a first good play :
All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day.
A slender poet must have time to grow, 20
And spread and burnish as his brothers do.

Who still looks lean, sure with some pox is curst;
 But no man can be Falstaff-fat at first;
 Then damn not, but indulge, his rude essays,
 Encourage him, and bloat him up with praise, 25
 That he may get more bulk before he dies;
 He's not yet fed enough for sacrifice.
 Perhaps, if now your grace you will not grudge,
 He may grow up to write, and you to judge. 29

V.

PROLOGUE TO CÆSAR BORGIA. *By Mr. N. LEE, 1680.*

TH' unhappy man who once has trail'd a pen,
 Lives not to please himself but other men;
 Is always drudging, wastes his life and blood,
 Yet only eats and drinks what you think good.
 What praise soc'er the poetry deserve, 5
 Yet ev'ry fool can bid the poet starve.
 That fumbling lecher to revenge is bent,
 Because he thinks himself or whore is meant.
 Name but a cuckold, all the City swarms;
 From Leadenhall to Ludgate is in arms. 10
 Were there no fear of Antichrist or France,
 In the bless'd time poor poets live by chance.
 Either you come not here, or as you grace
 Some old acquaintance, drop into the place,
 Careless and qualmish, with a yawning face. 15

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rst ; You sleep o'er wit, and, by my troth, you may ;
 Most of your talents lie another way.
 You love to hear of some prodigious tale,
 25 The bell that toll'd alone, or Irish whale.
 News is your food, and you enough provide, 20
 Both for yourselves and all the world beside.
 One theatre there is of vast resort,
 29 Which whilom of Requests was call'd the Court,
 But now the great Exchange of News 'tis hight,
 And full of hum and buz from noon till night : 25
 680. Up stairs and down you run, as for a race,
 And each man wears three nations in his face ;
 So big you look, tho' claret you retrench,
 That, arm'd with bottled ale, you huff the French :
 But all your entertainment still is fed 30
 By villains in your own dull island bred.
 5 Would you return to us, we dare engage
 To shew you better rogues upon the stage.
 You know no poison but plain ratsbane here ;
 Death's more refin'd and better bred elsewhere. 35
 They have a civil way in Italy,
 10 By smelling a perfume, to make you die ;
 A trick would make you lay your snuff-box by. }
 Murder's a trade so known and practis'd there,
 That 'tis infallible as is the Chair : 40
 But, mark their feast, you shall behold such pranks ;
 5 The Pope says grace, but 'tis the Devil gives thanks.

VI.

PROLOGUE to SOPHONISBA. *At Oxford, 1680.*

THESPIS, the first professor of our art,
 At country-wakes sung ballads from a cart.
 To prove this true, if Latin be no trespass,
Dicitur et plaustis vexisse poemata Thespis.
 But Æschylus, says Horace, in some page, 5
 Was the first mountebank that trod the stage :
 Yet Athens never knew your learned sport
 Of tossing poets in a tennis-court.
 But 'tis the talent of our English nation,
 Still to be plotting some new reformation : 10
 And few years hence, if anarchy goes on,
 Jack Presbyter shall here erect his throne,
 Knock out a tub with preaching once a day,
 And ev'ry prayer be longer than a play.
 Then all your Heathen wits shall go to pot 15
 For disbelieving of a Popish-plot :
 Your poets shall be us'd like Infidels,
 And worst the author of the Oxford Bells :
 Nor should we 'scape the sentence, to depart,
 E'en in our first original, a cart. 20
 No zealous brother there would want a stone,
 To maul us cardinals, and pelt Pope Joan :
 Religion, learning, wit, would be suppress,
 Rags of the Whore, and trappings of the Beast :

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PROLOGUES.

91

Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, must go down, 25
 As chief supporters of the triple crown ;
 And Aristotle's for destruction ripe ;
 Some say, he call'd the soul an Organ-pipe,
 Which by some little help of derivation,
 Shall then be prov'd a pipe of inspiration. 30

VII.

A PROLOGUE.

If yet there be a few that take delight
 In that which reasonable men should write,
 To them alone we dedicate this night ;
 The rest may satisfy their curious itch
 With city Gazettes, or some factious speech. 5
 Or whate'er libel, for the public good,
 Stirs up the Shrove-tide crew to fire and blood.
 Remove your benches, you apostate pit,
 And take, above, twelve pennyworth of wit ;
 Go back to your dear dancing on the rope, 10
 Or see what's worse, the Devil and the Pope.
 The plays that take on our corrupted stage,
 Methinks resemble the distracted age ;
 Noise, madness, all unreasonable things,
 That strike at sense, as rebels do at kings. 15
 The style of Forty-one our poets write,
 And you are grown to judge like Forty-eight,

Such censures our mistaking audience make,
 That 'tis almost grown scandalous to take.
 They talk of fevers that infect the brains: 20
 But nonsense is the new disease that reigns.
 Weak stomachs, with a long disease opprest,
 Cannot the cordials of strong wit digest;
 Therefore thin nourishment of Farce ye chuse,
 Decoctions of a barley-water Muse; 25
 A meal of Tragedy would make you sick,
 Unless it were a very tender chick:
 Some scenes in sippets would be worth your time;
 Those would go down; some love that's poach'd in
 If these should fail—— [rhyme
 We must lie down, and, after all our cost, 31
 Keep holy-day, like watermen in frost,
 While you turn players on the world's great stage,
 And act yourselves the farce of your own age. 34

VIII.

PROLOGUE to the *University of Oxford*, 1681.

THE fam'd Italian Muse, whose rhymes advance
 Orlando and the Paladins of France,
 Records that, when our wit and sense is flown,
 'Tis lodg'd within the circle of the moon
 In earthen jars, which one, who thither soar'd, 5
 Set to his nose, snuff'd up, and was restor'd.

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Whate'er the story be the moral's true ;
 The wit we lost in Town we find in you.
 Our poets their fled parts may draw from hence,
 And fill their windy heads with sober sense. 10
 When London votes with Southwark's disagree,
 Here may they find their long-lost loyalty.
 Her busy senates, to th' old cause inclin'd,
 May snuff the votes their fellows left behind : 14
 Your country neighbours, when their grain grows dear,
 May come, and find their last provision here ;
 Whereas we cannot much lament our loss,
 Who neither carried back nor brought one cross.
 We look'd what Representatives would bring,
 But they help'd us just as they did the King. 20
 Yet we despair not : for we now lay forth
 The Sibyl's books to those who know their worth,
 And tho' the first was sacrific'd before,
 These volumes doubly will the price restore.
 Our poet bade us hope this grace to find, 25
 To whom by long prescription you are kind.
 He whose undaunted Muse, with loyal rage,
 Has never spar'd the vices of the age.
 Here finding nothing that his spleen can raise,
 Is forc'd to turn his satire into praise. 31

IX.

PROLOGUE to his ROYAL HIGHNESS upon his first appearance at the Duke's Theatre, after his return from Scotland, 1682.

IN those cold regions which no summers cheer,
 Where brooding Darkness covers half the year,
 To hollow caves the shiv'ring natives go,
 Bears range abroad, and hunt in tracks of snow;
 But when the tedious twilight wears away, 5
 And stars grow paler at th' approach of day,
 The longing crowds to frozen mountains run,
 Happy who first can see the glimm'ring sun
 The surly savage offspring disappear,
 And curse the bright successor of the year. 10
 Yet tho' rough bears in covert seek defence,
 White foxes stay with seeming innocence:
 That crafty kind with day-light can dispense. }
 Still we are throng'd so full with Reynard's race,
 That loyal subjects scarce can find a place. 15
 Thus modest Truth is cast behind the crowd;
 Truth speaks too low, Hypocrisy too loud,
 Let 'em be first to flatter in success;
 Duty can stay, but Guilt has need to press.
 Once, when true zeal the sons of god did call, 20
 To make their solemn shew at Heav'n's Whitehall,
 The fawning Devil appear'd among the rest,
 And made as good a courtier as the best.

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PROLOGUE
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The friends of Job, who rail'd at him before,
 Came cap in hand when he had three times more :
 Yet late repentance may, perhaps, be true; 26
 Kings can forgive, if rebels can but sue.
 A tyrant's pow'r in rigour is exprest ;
 The father yearns in the true prince's breast.
 We grant an o'ergrown Whig no grace can mend ; 30
 But most are babes that know not they offend.
 The crowd, to restless motion still inclin'd,
 Are clouds that tack according to the wind.
 Driv'n by their chiefs, they storms of hailstones pour,
 Then mourn, and soften to a silent show'r. 35
 O welcome to this much-offending land,
 The Prince that brings forgiveness in his hand !
 Thus angels on glad messages appear ;
 Their first salute commands us not to fear:
 Thus Heav'n, that could constrain us to obey, 40
 (With rev'rence if we might presume to say)
 Seems to relax the rights of sov'reign sway ;
 Permits to man the choice of good and ill,
 And makes us happy by our own free-will. 44

X.

PROLOGUE TO THE EARL OF ESSEX. *By Mr. J. BANKS,*
 1682. *Spoken to the King and the Queen, at their coming*
to the House.

WHEN first the ark was landed on the shore,
 And Heav'n had vow'd to curse the ground no more

When tops of hills the longing patriarch saw,
 And the new scene of earth began to draw,
 The dove was sent to view the waves' decrease. 5
 And first brought back to man the pledge of peace.
 'Tis needless to apply, when those appear
 Who bring the olive, and who plant it here.
 We have before our eyes the Royal dove,
 Still innocent as harbinger to Love : 10
 The ark is open'd to dismiss the train,
 And people with a better race the plain.
 Tell me, ye pow'rs ! why should vain man pursue,
 With endless toil, each object that is new,
 And for the seeming substance leave the true ? 15
 Why should he quit for hopes his certain good,
 And loath the manna of his daily food ?
 Must England still the scene of changes be,
 Toss'd, and tempestuous, like our ambient sea ?
 Must still our weather and our wills agree ? 20
 Without our blood our liberties we have :
 Who that is free would fight to be a slave ?
 Or, what can wars to after-times assure,
 Of which our present age is not secure ?
 All that our Monarch would for us ordain, 25
 Is but t' enjoy the blessings of his reign.
 Our land's an Eden, and the main's our fence,
 While we preserve our state of innocence :
 That lost, then beasts their brutal force employ,
 And first their lord, and then themselves, destroy. 30

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What Civil broils have cost we know too well;
 Oh! let it be enough that once we fell,
 And ev'ry heart conspire, and ev'ry tongue,
 Still to have such a King, and this King long. 34

XI.

PROLOGUE to THE LOYAL BROTHER: or, THE PERSIAN PRINCE. *By Mr. SOUTHERN*, 1682.

Poets, like lawful monarchs, rul'd the stage,
 Till critics, like damn'd Whigs, debauch'd our age.
 Mark how they jump: critics would regulate
 Our theatres, and Whigs reform our state: }
 Both pretend love, and both (plague rot 'em!) hate. }
 The critic humbly seems advice to bring, 6
 The fawning Whig petitions, to the King:
 But one's advice into a satire slides;
 Th' other's petition a remonstrance hides.
 These will no taxes give, and those no pence; 10
 Critics would starve the poet, Whigs the prince.
 The critic all our troops of friends discards;
 Just so the Whig would feign pull down the Guards.
 Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,
 As watchful shepherds that fright beasts of prey.
 Kings, who disband such needless aids as these, 16
 Are safe—as long as e'er their subjects please,
 And that would be till next Queen Bess's night,
 Which thus grave penny chroniclers indite.

Sir Edmond Bury first, in woeful wise, 20
 Leads up the show, and milks their mandlin eyes.
 There's not a butcher's wife but dribs her part,
 And pities the poor pageant from her heart;
 Who to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,
 And with a civil conge does retire. 25
 But guiltless blood to ground must never fall,
 There's Antichrist behind to pay for all.
 The punk of Babylon in pomp appears,
 A lewd old gentleman of seventy years,
 Whose age in vain our mercy would implore, 30
 For few take pity on an old cast whore.
 The dev'l, who brought him to the shame, takes part, }
 Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart, }
 Like thief and parson in a Tyburn-cart. }
 The word is giv'n, and, with a loud huzza, 35
 The mitred puppet from his chair they draw :
 On the slain corpse contending nations fall :
 Alas ! what's one poor Pope among 'em all !
 He burns ; now all true hearts your triumphs ring ;
 And next (for fashion) cry, God save the King. 40
 A needful cry in midst of such alarms,
 When forty thousand men are up in arms.
 But after he's once sav'd, to make amends, }
 In each succeeding health they damn his friends : }
 So God begins, but still the Devil ends. 45
 What if some one inspir'd with zeal, should call,
 Come, let's go cry God save him, at Whitehall ?

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His best friends would not like this over-care,
 Or think him e'er the safer for this pray'r.
 Five praying saints are by an act allow'd, 50
 But not the whole church-militant in crowd.
 Yet, should Heav'n all the true petitions drain
 Of Presbyterians, who would kings maintain? }
 Of forty thousand five would scarce remain. 54 }

XII.

PROLOGUE to the University of Oxford. Spoken by Mr.
 HART, at the acting of THE SILENT WOMAN.

WHAT Greece, when learning flourish'd, only knew,
 Athenian judges, you this day renew.
 Here, too, are annual rites to Pallas done,
 And here poetic prizes lost or won.
 Methinks I see you, crown'd with olives, sit, 5
 And strike a sacred horror from the pit.
 A day of doom is this of your decree,
 Where ev'n the best are but by mercy free; [to see. }
 A day which none but Johnson durst have wish'd }
 Here they, who long have known the useful stage, 10
 Come to be taught themselves, to teach the age.
 As your commissioners, our poets go
 To cultivate the virtue which you sow;
 In your Lycæum first themselves refin'd,
 And delegated thence to human kind. 15

But as ambassadors, when long from home,
 For new instructions to their princes come;
 So poets, who your precepts have forgot,
 Return, and beg they may be better taught
 Follies and faults elsewhere by them are shown, 20
 But by your manners they correct their own.
 Th' illit'rate writer, emp'ric like, applies
 To minds diseas'd unsafe chance remedies:
 The learn'd in schools, where knowledge first began,
 Studies with care th' anatomy of man; 25
 Sees virtue, vice, and passions, in their cause,
 And fame from science, not from fortune, draws.
 So poetry, which is in Oxford made
 An art, in London only is a trade:
 There haughty dunces, whose unlearned pen 30
 Could ne'er spell grammar, would be reading men.
 Such build their poems the Lucretian way;
 So many huddled atoms make a play;
 And if they hit in order by some chance,
 They call that Nature which is Ignorance. 35
 To such a fame let mere Town-wits aspire,
 And their gay nonsense their own Cits admire.
 Our Poet, could he find forgiveness here,
 Would wish it rather than a plaudit there.
 He owns no crown from those Prætorian bands, 40
 But knows that right is in the senate's hands;
 Not impudent enough to hope your praise,
 Low at the Muses' feet his wreath he lays,
 And, where he took it up, resigns his bays.

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Kings make their poets whom themselves think fit,
But 'tis your suffrage makes authentic wit. 46

XIII.

PROLOGUE *to the University of Oxford.*

DISCORD and plots, which have undone our age,
With the same ruin have o'erwhelm'd the stage.
Our House has suffer'd in the common woe,
We have been troubled with Scotch rebels too. 4
Our brethren are from Thames to Tweed departed, }
And of our sisters all the kinder-hearted, }
To Edinborough gone, or coach'd, or carted.
With Bonny Bluecap there they act all night
For Scotch half-crown, in English Threepence hight.
One nymph, to whom fat Sir John Falstaff's lean, 10
There with her single person fills the scene.
Another, with long use and age decay'd,
Div'd here old woman, and rose there a maid.
Our trusty door-keepers of former time,
There strut and swagger in heroic rhyme. 15
Tack but a copper lace to drugget suit,
And there's a hero made without dispute
And that which was a capon's tail before,
Becomes a plume for Indian emperor.
But all his subjects, to express the care 20
Of imitation, go, like Indians, bare :

Lac'd linen there would be a dang'rous thing ;
 It might, perhaps, a new rebellion bring ;
 The Scot who wore it would be chosen king.
 But why should I these renegades describe, 25
 When you yourselves have seen a lewder tribe ?
 Teague has been here, and to this learned pit,
 With Irish action, slander'd English wit ;
 You have beheld such barb'rous Macs appear,
 As merited a second massacre ; 30
 Such as, like Cain, were branded with disgrace,
 And had their country stamp'd upon their face.
 When strollers durst presume to pick your purse,
 We humbly thought our broken troop not worse.
 How ill soe'er our action may deserve,
 Oxford's a place where Wit can never starve. 36

XIV.

PROLOGUE to the University of Oxford.

THO' actors cannot much of learning boast,
 Of all who want it we admire it most ;
 We love the praises of a learned pit,
 As we remotely are ally'd to Wit.
 We speak our poet's wit, and trade in ore, 5
 Like those who touch upon the Golden shore ;
 Betwixt our judges can distinction make,
 Discern how much, and why, our poems take ;

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Mark if the fools or men of sense rejoice;
 Whether th' applause be only sound or voice. 10
 When our fop-gallants or our City-folly,
 Clap over loud, it makes us melancholy :
 We doubt that scene which does their wonder raise,
 And for their ignorance condemn their praise.
 Judge then if we who act, and they who write, 15
 Should not be proud of giving you delight.
 London likes grossly; but this nicer pit
 Examines, fathoms, all the depths of wit,
 The ready finger lays on ev'ry blot,
 Knows what should justly please, and what should not;
 Nature herself lies open to your view. 21
 You judge by her what draught of her is true,
 Where outlines false, and colours seem too faint,
 Where bunglers daub, and where true poets paint.
 But by the sacred Genius of this place, 25
 By ev'ry Muse, by each domestic Grace,
 Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well,
 And, where you judge, presumes not to excel.
 Our poet's thither for adoption come,
 As nations su'd to be made free of Rome; 30
 Not in the suffragating tribes to stand,
 But in your utmost, last, provincial band.
 If his ambition may those hopes pursue,
 Who, with religion, loves your arts and you,
 Oxford to him a dearer name shall be 35
 Than his own mother-university.



Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage ;
He chuses Athens in his riper age.

38

XV.

PROLOGUE to THE DISAPPOINTMENT: OR, THE MOTHER IN FASHION. *By Mr. SOUTHERN, 1684.*
Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

How comes it, Gentlemen, that now-a-days,
When all of you so shrewdly judge of plays,
Our poets tax you still with want of sense,
All prologues treat you at your own expense ?
Sharp citizens a wiser way can go ;
They make you fools, but never call you so :
They, in good manners, seldom make a slip,
But treat a common whore with Ladyship :
But here each saucy wit at random writes,
And uses ladies as he uses knights. 10
Our Author, young, and grateful in his nature,
Vows that from him no nymph deserves a satire ;
Nor will he ever draw—I mean his rhyme,
Against the sweet partaker of his crime.
Nor is he yet so bold an undertaker 15
To call men fools : 'tis railing at their Maker.
Besides, he fears to split upon that shelf,
He's young enough to be a fop himself ;
And if his praise can bring you all a-bed,
He swears such hopeful youth no nation ever bred. 20

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Your nurses, we presume, in such a case,
 Your father chose, because he lik'd the face,
 And often they supply'd your mother's place.
 The dry nurse was you mother's ancient maid,
 Who knew some former slip she ne'er betray'd, 25
 Betwixt 'em both, for milk and sugar-candy,
 Your sucking bottles were well stor'd with brandy.
 Your father, to initiate your discourse,
 Meant to have taught you first to swear and curse,
 But was prevented by each careful nurse : 30
 For, leaving Dad and Mam, as names too common,
 They taught you certain parts of man and woman.
 I pass your schools; for there when first you came,
 You would be sure to learn the Latin name.
 In colleges you scorn'd the art of thinking, 35
 But learn'd all moods and figures of good drinking;
 Thence come to Town, you practise play, to know
 The virtues of the high dice and the low.
 Each thinks himself a sharper most profound;
 He cheats by pence, is cheated by the pound. 40
 With these perfections, and what else he gleans,
 The spark sets up for love behind our scenes,
 Hot in pursuit of princesses and queens. }
 There, if they know their man, with cunning carriage,
 Twenty to one but it concludes in marriage. 45
 He hires some homely room, Love's fruits to gather,
 And garret-high, rebels against his father;
 But he once dead——

Brings her in triumph, with her portion down,
 A toilette, dressing-box, and half-a crown. 50
 Some marry first, and then they fall to scouring,
 Which is refining marriage into whoring.
 Our women batten well on their good nature,
 All they can rap and rend for the dear creature;
 But while abroad so liberal the dolt is, 55
 Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
 Last, some there are who take their first degrees
 Of lewdness in our middle galleries:
 The doughty bullies enter bloody drunk,
 Invade and grubble one another's punk: 60
 They caterwaul, and make a dismal rout,
 Call sons of whores, and strike, but ne'er lug out:
 Thus while for paltry punk they roar and stickle,
 They make it bawdier than a Conventicle. 64

XVI.

*PROLOGUE to the King and Queen, upon the union of the
 two companies in 1686.*

SINCE Faction ebbs, and rogues grow out of fashion,
 Their penny scribes take care t' inform the nation
 How well men thrive in this or that plantation:

How Pennsylvania's air agrees with Quakers,
 And Carolina's with Associators: 5
 Both e'en too good for madmen and for traitors,

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Truth is, our land with saints is so run o'er,
 And ev'ry age produces such a store,
 That now there's need of two New England's more.

What's this you'll say, to us and our vocation? 10
 Only thus much that we have left our station,
 And made this Theatre our new Plantation.

The factious natives never could agree,
 But aiming, as they call'd it, to be free,
 Those playhouse Whigs set up for property. 15

Some say they no obedience paid of late,
 But would new fears and jealousies create,
 Till topsy-turvy they had turn'd the state.

Plain sense, without the talent of foretelling, 19
 Might guess 'twould end in downright knocks and
 For seldom comes there better of rebelling.[quelling;

When men will, needlessly, their freedom barter
 For lawless pow'r, sometimes they catch a Tartar;
 There's a damn'd word that rhymes to this call'd
 Charter.

But since the victory with us remains, 25
 You shall be call'd to twelve in all our gains,
 If you'll not think us saucy for our pains.

Old men shall have good old plays to delight 'em,
 And you, fair ladies and gallants ! that slight 'em,
 We'll treat with good new plays, if our new wits can
 write 'em. 30

We'll take no blund'ring verse, no fustian tumor;
 No dribbling love from this or that perfumer;
 No dull fat fool shamm'd on the stage for humour.

For, faith, some of 'em such vile stuff have made,
 As none but fools or faries ever play'd ; 35
 But 'twas, as shopmen say, to force a trade.

We've giv'n you tragedies all sense defying,
 And singing-men in woeful metre dying;
 Thus 'tis when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters we will hope to weather ; 40
 We bring you none of our old lumber hither ;
 Whig poets and Whig sheriffs may hang together.

XVII.

PROLOGUE TO THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES. *By Mr.*
N. LEE, 1689.

LADIES ! (I hope there's none behind to hear)
 I long to whisper something in your ear ;

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A secret which does much my mind perplex;
 There's treason in the play against our sex;
 A man that's false to love, that vows and cheats, 5
 And kisses every living thing he meets;
 A rogue in mode (I dare not speak too broad)
 One that does something to the very bawd.
 Out on him, traitor! for a filthy beast;
 Nay, and he's like the pack of all the rest: 10
 None of 'em stick at mark; they all deceive;
 Some Jew has chang'd the text, I half believe;
 Their Adam cozen'd our poor grandame Eve. }
 To hide their faults, they rap their oaths and tear:
 Now, tho' we lie, we're too well bred to swear. 15
 So we compound for half the sin we owe,
 But men are dipt for soul and body too:
 And when found out excuse themselves, pox cant 'em,
 With Latin stuff, *perjuria ridet amantum*.
 I'm not book-learn'd, to know that word in vogue,
 But I suspect 'tis Latin for a rogue. 21
 I'm sure I never heard that screech-owl hollow'd
 In my poor ears but separation follow'd.
 How can such perjur'd villains e'er be saved?
 Achithophel's not half so false to David. 25
 With vows and soft expressions to allure,
 They stand, like foreman of a shop, demure;
 No sooner out of sight but they are gadding,
 And for the next new face ride out a padding.

2

Yet, by their favour, when they have been kissing,³⁰
 We can perceive the ready money missing.
 Well; we may rail; but 'tis as good e'en wink;
 Something we find, and something they will sink.
 But since they're at renouncing, 'tis our parts
 To trump their di'monds as they trump our hearts. ³⁵

XVIII.

PROLOGUE to THE WIDOW RANTER. *By Mrs. BEHN,*
 1690.

HEAV'N save ye, Gallants! and this hopeful age,
 You're welcome to the downfal of the stage:
 The fools have labour'd long in their vocation,
 And vice (the manufacture of the nation)
 O'erstocks the Town so much, and thrives so well,⁵
 That fops and knaves grow drugs, and will not sell.
 In vain our wares on theatres are shown,
 When each has a plantation of his own.
 His cause ne'er fails, for whatsoe'er he spends,
 There's still God's plenty for himself and friends,¹⁰
 Should men be rated by poetic rules,
 Lord! what a poll would there be rais'd from fools!
 Mean-time poor Wit prohibited must lie,
 As if 'twere made some French commodity.
 Fools you will have, and rais'd at vast expense, ¹⁵
 And yet as soon as seen they give offence.

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PROLOGUE
 by LODGE
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Time was when none would cry, That oaf was me,
 But now you strive about your pedigree.
 Bauble and cap no sooner are thrown down,
 But there's a muss of more than half the Town. 20
 Each one will challenge a child's part at least :
 A sign the family is well increas'd.
 Of foreign cattle there's no longer need,
 When we're supply'd so fast with English breed.
 Well ! flourish, Countrymen ! drink, swear, and roar,
 Let ev'ry free-born subject keep his whore, 26
 And, wand'ring in the wilderness about,
 At end of forty years not wear her out.
 But when you see these pictures, let none dare
 To own beyond a limb or single share ;
 For where the punk is common, he's a sot
 Who needs will father what the parish got. 32

XIX.

PROLOGUE to ARVIRAGUS AND PHILICIA. *Revised*
by LODOWIC CARLELL, *Esq. Spoken by* Mr. HART.

WITH sickly actors, and an old house too.
 We're match'd with glorious theatres and new ;
 And with our alehouses scenes, and clothes bare-worn,
 Can neither raise old plays nor new adorn.
 If all these ills could not undo us quite, 5
 A brisk French troop is grown your dear delight :

Who with broad bloody bills call you each day,
 To laugh, and break your buttons at their play;
 Or see some serious piece, which we presume
 Is fall'n from some incomparable plume ; 10
 And therefore, *Messieurs*, if you'll do us grace,
 Send lackeys early to preserve your place.
 We dare not on your privilege intrench,
 Or ask you why you like 'em ; they are French :
 Therefore some go with courtesy exceeding, 15
 Neither to hear nor see, but show their breeding ;
 Each lady striving to out-laugh the rest,
 To make it seem they understood the jest.
 Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay ;
 To teach us English where to clap the play. 20
 Civil, i'gad ! our hospitable land
 Bears all the charge for them to understand ;
 Mean-time we languish, and neglected lie,
 Live wives, while you keep better company ;
 And wish for your own sakes, without a satire, 25
 You'd less good breeding, or had more good nature.

XX.

PROLOGUE to THE PROPHETESS. By BEAUMONT
 and FLETCHER. Revived by Mr. DRYDEN. Spoken by
 Mr. BETTERTON.

WHAT Nostradame, with all his art, can guess
 The fate of our approaching prophetess ?

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A play which, like a perspective set right,
Presents our vast expenses close to sight;
But turn the tube, and there we sadly view 5
Our distant gains, and those uncertain too;
A sweeping tax, which on ourselves we raise,
And all like you, in hopes of better days.
When will our losses warn us to be wise?
Our wealth decreases, and our charges rise. 10
Money, the sweet allurer of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.
We raise new objects to provoke delight,
But you grow sated ere the second sight.
False men! e'en so you serve your mistresses; 15
They rise three stories in their tow'ring dress,
And, after all, you love not long enough,
To pay the rigging ere you leave 'em off:
Never content with what you had before,
But true to change, and Englishmen all o'er. 20
Now honour calls you hence, and all your care
Is to provide the horrid pomp of war.
In plume and scarf, jack boots, and Bilbo blade,
Your silver goes that should support our trade.
Go, unkind heroes! leave our stage to mourn, 25
Till rich from vanquish'd rebels you return,
And the fat spoils of Teague in triumph draw,
His firkin butter and his usquebaugh.
Go, conqu'rors of your male and female foes,
Men without hearts, and women without hose. 30

Each bring his love, a Bogland captive, home;
 Such proper pages will long trains become;
 With copper collars, and with brawny backs,
 Quite to put down the fashion of our blacks.
 Then shall the pious Muses pay their vows, 35
 And furnish all their laurels for your brows;
 Their tuneful voice shall raise for your delights;
 We want not poets fit to sing your flights.
 But you, bright Beauties! for whose only sake
 Those doughty knights such dangers undertake, 40
 When they with happy gales are gone away,
 With your propitious presence grace our play,
 And with a sigh their empty seats survey: }
 Then think on that bare bench my servant sat;
 I see him ogle still, and hear him chat, 45
 Selling facetious bargains, and propounding
 That witty recreation, call'd Dum-founding.
 Their loss with patience we will try to bear,
 And would do more to see you often here,
 That our dead stage, reviv'd by your fair eyes,
 Under a female regency may rise. 51

PROLOGUE to THE MISTAKES. *By* JOSEPH HARRIS,
Comedian, 1690.

ENTER MR. BRIGHT.

GENTLEMEN, we must beg your pardon; here's no
 Prologue to be had to-day; our new play is like to

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come on without a frontispiece: as bald as one of you young beaux without your periwig. I left our young poet snivelling and sobbing behind the scenes, and cursing somebody that has deceived him.

ENTER MR. BOWEN.

Hold your prating to the audience: here is honest Mr. Williams, just come in, half mellow, from the Rose-tavern. He swears he is inspired with claret, and will come on, and that extempore too, either with a prologue of his own, or something like one, O, here he comes to his trial at all adventures. For my part, I wish him a good deliverance.

[*Exeunt Mr. Bright and Mr. Bowen.*]

ENTER MR. WILLIAMS.

Save ye, Sirs, save ye! I am in a hopeful way, I should speak something, in rhyme, now, for the play;

But the deuce take me if I know what to say.

I'll stick to my friend the author, that I can tell ye, To the last drop of claret in my belly.

So far I'm sure 'tis rhyme—that needs no granting, And if my verses' feet stumble—you see my own are wanting.

Our young poet has brought a piece of work In which, tho' much of art there does not lurk, It may hold out three days—and that's as long as Cork.

But for this—play (which till I have done we show not)
 What may be its fortune—by the Lord—I know not,
 This I dare swear, no malice here is writ;
 'Tis innocent of all things—even of wit.
 He's no high-flyer—he makes no sky-rockets; 15
 His squibbs are only levell'd at your pockets:
 And if his crackers light among your pelf,
 You are blown up; if not, then he's blown up himself.
 By this time I'm something recover'd of my fluster'd
 And now a word or two in sober sadness. [madness.
 Our's is a common play; and you pay down 21
 A common harlot's price—just half-a-crown.
 You'll say I play the pimp on my friend's score;
 But since 'tis for a friend your gibes give o'er,
 For many a mother has done that before. 25
 How's this you cry? an actor write?—we know it;
 But Shakspeare was an actor and a poet.
 Has not great Johnson's learning often fail'd?
 But Shakspeare's greater genius still prevail'd.
 Have not some writing actors, in this age, 30
 Deserv'd and found success upon the stage?
 To tell the truth, when our old wits are tir'd,
 Not one of us but means to be inspir'd.
 Let your kind presence grace our homely cheer;
 Peace and the butt is all our bus'ness here: 35
 So much for that,—and the devil take small beer.

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XXII.

A PROLOGUE.

GALLANTS! a bashful poet bids me say,
 He's come to lose his maidenhead to-day.
 Be not too fierce, for he's but green of age,
 And ne'er, till now, debauch'd upon the stage.
 He wants the suff'ring part of resolution, 5
 And comes with blushes to his execution.
 Ere you deflow'r his Muse, he hopes the pit
 Will make some settlement upon his wit.
 Promise him well before the play begin,
 For he would feign be cozen'd into sin. 10
 'Tis not but that he knows you mean to fail;
 But if you leave him after being frail,
 He'll have, at least, a fair pretence to rail;
 To call you base, and swear you us'd him ill,
 And put you in the new Deserters' bill. 15
 Lord! what a troop of perjur'd men we see,
 Enow to fill another Mercury!
 But this the ladies may with patience brook;
 Theirs are not the first colours you forsook.
 He would be loath the beauties to offend, 20
 But if he should, he's not too old to mend.
 He's a young plant, in his first year of bearing,
 But his friend swears he will be worth the rearing.

His gloss is still upon him; tho' tis true
 He's yet unripe, yet take him for the blue. 25
 You think an apricot half green is best;
 There's sweet and sour, and one side good at least.
 Mangos and limes, whose nourishment is little,
 Tho' not for food, are yet preserv'd for pickle.
 So this green writer may pretend, at least. 30
 To whet your stomachs for a better feast.
 He makes this diff'rence in the sexes too,
 He sells to men, he gives himself to you.
 To both he would contribute some delight,
 A meer poetical hermaphrodite. 35
 Thus he's equipp'd, both to be woo'd and woo, }
 With arms offensive and defensive too; }
 'Tis hard, he thinks, if neither part will do, 38 }

XXIII.

PROLOGUE TO ALBUMAZAR.

To say this comedy pleas'd long ago,
 Is not enough to make it pass you now;
 Yet, Gentlemen, your ancestors had wit,
 When few men censur'd, and when fewer writ:
 And Johnson, of those few the best, chose this, 5
 As the best model of his masterpiece.
 Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
 That alchymist by this astrologer;

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Here he was fashion'd, and, we may suppose,
 He lik'd the fashion well who wore the clothes. 10
 But Ben. made nobly his what he did mould;
 What was another's lead, becomes his gold:
 Like an unrighteous conqueror he reigns,
 Yet rules that well which he unjustly gains.
 But this our age such authors does afford, 15
 As make whole plays, and yet scarce write one word;
 Who in this anarchy of wit rob all,
 And what's their plunder, their possession call;
 Who, like old padders, scorn by night to prey,
 But rob by sunshine, in the face of day: 20
 Nay, scarce the common ceremony use
 Of Stand, Sir, Deliver up your Muse;
 But knock the poet down, and, with a grace,
 Mount Pegasus before the owner's face.
 Faith, if you have such country Toms abroad, 25
 'Tis time for all true men to leave that road:
 Yet it were modest could it not be said
 They strip the living, but these rob the dead,
 Dare with the mummies of the Muses play,
 And make love to them the Egyptian way; 30
 Or, as a rhyming author would have said,
 Join the dead living to the living dead.
 Such men in poetry may claim some part,
 They have the license, tho' they want the art;
 And might, where theft is prais'd, for laureats stand,
 Poets not of the head, but of the hand: 36

They make the benefits of other's studying,
 Much like the meals of politic Jack-pudding,
 Whose dish to challenge no man has the courage ;
 'Tis all his own when once h' has spit i' th' porridge.
 But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this, 41
 You are in fault for what they do amiss ;
 For they their thefts still undiscover'd think,
 And durst not steal, unless you pleas'd to wink.
 Perhaps you may award, by your decree, 45
 They should refund : but that can never be ;
 For should you letters of reprisal seal,
 These men write that which no men else would steal.

XXIV.

PROLOGUE to THE PILGRIM. By BEAUMONT and
 FLETCHER. *Revived for our Author's benefit, anno*
 1700.

How wretched is the fate of those who write !
 Brought muzzled to the stage for fear they bite !
 Where, like Tom Dove, they stand the common foe,
 Lugg'd by the critic, baited by the beau.
 Yet worse, their brother poets damn the play, 5
 And roar the loudest, tho' they never pay.
 The fops are proud of scandal, for they cry,
 At ev'ry lewd low character—That's I.
 He who writes letters to himself would swear
 The world forgot him if he was not there. 10

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What should a poet do? 'tis hard for one
 To pleasure all the fools that would be shown,
 And yet not two in ten will pass the Town,
 Most coxcombs are not of the laughing kind;
 More goes to make a fop than fops can find. 15

Quack Marus, tho' he never took degrees
 In either of our Universities,
 Yet to be shown by some kind wit he looks,
 Because he play'd the fool, and writ three books;
 But if he would be worth a poet's pen, 20
 He must be more a fool, and write agen;
 For all the former fustian stuff he wrote,
 Was dead-born dogg'rel, or is quite forgot.
 His Man of Uz, stript of his Hebrew robe,
 Is just the proverb, and As poor as Job. 25
 One would have thought he could no longer jog;
 But Arthur was a level, Job's a bog:
 There tho' he crept, yet still he kept in sight,
 But here he founders in, and sinks downright.
 Had he prepar'd us, and been dull by rule, 30
 Tobit had first been turn'd to ridicule;
 But our bold Briton, without fear or awe,
 O'erleaps at once the whole Apochrypha;
 Invades the Psalms with rhymes, and leaves no room
 For any Vandal-Hopkins yet to come. 35

But when, if, after all, this godly gear
 Is not so senseless as it would appear,

Our mountebank has laid a deeper train,
 His cant, like Merry-Andrew's noble vein,
 Cat-calls the sects to draw them in again. 40
 At leisure hours in epic song he deals,
 Writes to the rumbling of his coaches' wheels;
 Prescribes in haste, and seldom kills by rule,
 But rides triumphant between stool and stool.
 Well, let him go; 'tis yet too early day 45
 To get himself a place in farce or play.
 We know not by what name we should arraign him,
 For no one category can contain him;
 A pedant, canting preacher, and a quack,
 Are load enough to break one ass's back : 50
 At last grown wanton, he presum'd to write,
 Traduc'd two kings, their kindness to requite ;
 One made the doctor, and one dubb'd the knight. }

XXV.

PROLOGUE *for the Women, when they acted at the Old
 Theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.*

WERE none of you, Gallants ! e'er driven so hard,
 As when the poor kind soul was under guard,
 And could not do't at home, in some by-street ?
 To take a lodging, and in private meet ?
 Such is our case ; we can't appoint our House 5
 The lover's old and wonted rendezvous ;

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But hither to this trusty nook remove;
 The worse the lodging is the more the love;
 For much good pastime, many a dear sweet hug,
 Is stol'n in garrets on the humble rug. 10
 Here's good accommodation in the pit;
 The grave demurely in the midst may sit,
 And so the hot Burgundian on the side
 Ply vizard mask, and o'er the benches stride:
 Here are convenient upper-boxes, too, 15
 For those that make the most triumphant show;
 All that keep coaches must not sit below.
 There, Gallants! you betwixt the acts retire,
 And at dull plays have something to admire;
 We, who look up, can your addresses mark, 20
 And see the creatures coupled in the ark:
 So we expect the lovers, braves, and wits,
 The gaudy house with scenes will serve for Cits. 23

EPILOGUES.

I.

EPILOGUE. *Spoken at the opening of the New house,
March 26, 1674.*

THO' what our prologue said was sadly true,
Yet, Gentlemen, our homely house is new,
A charm that seldom fails with wicked you.
A country lip may have the velvet touch;
Tho' she's no lady, you may think her such : 5
A strong imagination may do much.
But you, loud Sirs, who thro' your curls look big,
Critics in plume and white Vallancy wig,
Who lolling on our foremost benches sit,
And still charge first, the true forlorn of wit, 10
Whose favours, like the sun, warm where you roll,
Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor soul;
So may your hats your foretops never press,
Untouch'd your ribbons, sacred be your dress;
So may you slowly to old age advance, 15
And have th'excuse of youth for ignorance :
So may Fop-corner full of noise remain,
And drive far off the dull attentive train;
So may your midnight scourings happy prove,
And morning batt'ries force your way to love; 20
So may not France your warlike hands recall,
But leave you by each others' swords to fall;

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EPILOGUE
HEN. M
at Court

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As you come here to ruffle vizard punk,
 When sober rail, and roar when you are drunk.
 But to the wits we can some merit plead, 25
 And urge what by themselves has oft' been said ;
 Our House relieves the ladies from the frights
 Of ill-pav'd streets and long dark winter-nights ;
 The Flanders horses from a cold bleak road,
 Where bears in furs dare scarcely look abroad ; 30
 The audience from worn plays and fustian stuff
 Of rhyme, more nauseous than three boys in buff.
 Tho' in their house the poets' heads appear,
 We hope we may presume their wits are here. 34
 The best which they reserv'd they now will play :
 For, like kind cuckolds, tho' we've not the way }
 To please, we'll find you abler men who may. }
 If they should fail, for last recruits we breed }
 A troop of frisking Monsieurs to succeed ; 39 }
 You know the French sure cards in time of need. }

II.

EPILOGUE. *Intended to have been spoken by the Lady*
 HEN. MAR. WENTWORTH, *when CALISTO was acted*
at Court.

As Jupiter I made my court in vain,
 I'll now assume my native shape again.
 I'm weary to be so unkindly us'd,
 And would not be a god to be refus'd.

State grows uneasy when it hinders love; 3
 A glorious burden, which the wise remove.
 Now as a nymph I need not sue, nor try
 The force of any lightning but the eye.
 Beauty and youth more than a god command;
 No Jove could e'er the force of these withstand. 10
 'Tis here that sov'reign pow'r admits dispute;
 Beauty sometimes is justly absolute.
 Our sullen Catos, whatsoe'er they say,
 Ev'n while they frown, and dictate laws, obey.
 You, mighty Sir! our bonds more easy make, 15
 And gracefully what all must suffer take:
 Above those forms the grave affect to wear,
 For 'tis not to be wise to be severe.
 True wisdom may some gallantry admit,
 And soften bus'ness with the charms of wit. 20
 These peaceful triumphs with your cares you bought,
 And from the midst of fighting nations brought.
 You only hear it thunder from afar,
 And sit in peace the arbiter of war: 24
 Peace, the loath'd manna which hot brains despise,
 You knew its worth, and made it early prize,
 And in its happy leisure sit and see
 The promises of more felicity;
 Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line, 29
 Whose morning rays like noontide strike and shine.
 Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose,
 To bind your friends and to disarm your foes. 32

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III.

EPILOGUE to THE MAN OF MODE: or, SIR FOPLING
FLUTTER. *By Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE, 1676.*

Most modern wits such monstrous fools have shown,
They seem not of Heav'n's making, but their own.
Those nauseous Harlequins in farce may pass,
But there goes more to a substantial ass :
Something of man must be expos'd to view, 5
That, Gallants! they may more resemble you.
Sir Fopling is a fool so nicely writ,
The ladies would mistake him for a wit;
And when he sings, talks loud, and cocks, would cry,
I vow methinks he's pretty company; 10
So brisk, so gay, so travell'd, so refin'd,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.
True fops help Nature's work, and go to school,
To file and finish God Almighty's fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call; 15
He's knight o' th' shire, and represents ye all.
From each he meets he culls whate'er he can;
Legion's his name, a people in a man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o'er you, like a snow-ball, grows. 20
His various modes from various fathers follow,
One taught the toss, and one the new French wallow.

His sword-knot this, his cravat that design'd,
 And this, the yard-long snake, he twirls behind.
 From one the sacred periwig he gain'd, 25
 Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profan'd.
 Another's diving bow he did adore,
 Which with a shog casts all the hair before,
 Till he with full decorum brings it back,
 And rises with a water-spaniel shake. 30
 As for his songs, the ladies' dear delight,
 These, sure, he took from most of you who write.
 Yet ev'ry man is safe from what he fear'd,
 For no one fool is hunted from the herd. 34

IV.

EPILOGUE to MITHRIDATES KING OF PONTUS. By
Mr. N. LEE, 1678.

YOU'VE seen a pair of faithful lovers die :
 And much you care ; for most of you will cry
 'Twas a just judgment on their constancy. }
 For, Heav'n be thank'd, we live in such an age,
 When no man dies for love but on the stage : }
 And e'en those martyrs are but rare in plays ; }
 A cursed sign how much true faith decays.
 Love is no more a violent desire ;
 'Tis a mere metaphor, a painted fire.
 In all our sex, the name examin'd well, 10
 'Tis pride to gain, and vanity to tell.

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In woman 'tis of subtle int'rest made:
 Curse on the punk that made it first a trade!
 She first did Wit's prerogative remove,
 And made a fool presume to prate of love. 15
 Let honour and preferment go for gold,
 But glorious beauty is not to be sold;
 Or if it be, 'tis at a rate so high,
 That nothing but adoring it should buy. 30
 Yet the rich cullies may their boasting spare; 20
 They purchase but sophisticated ware.
 'Tis prodigality that buys deceit,
 Where both the giver and the taker cheat. 34
 Men but refine on the old half-crown way,
 And women fight, like Swissers, for their pay. 25

V.

EPILOGUE to a *Tragedy called TAMERLANE*. By Mr.
 SAUNDERS.

LADIES, the beardless author of this day,
 Commends to you the fortune of his play:
 A woman-wit has often grac'd the stage,
 But he's the first boy poet of our age.
 Early as is the year his fancies blow, 5
 Like young Narcissus peeping thro' the snow.
 Thus Cowley blossom'd soon, yet flourish'd long:
 This is as forward, and may prove as strong.

Youth with the fair should always favour find,
 Or we are damn'd dissemblers of our kind. 10
 What's all this love they put into our parts?
 'Tis but the pit-a-pat of two young hearts.
 Should Hag and Greybeard make such tender moan, }
 Faith you'd e'en trust e'm to themselves alone, }
 And cry, Let's go, here's nothing to be done. 15 }
 Since love's our bus'ness, as 'tis your delight,
 The young, who best can practise, best can write.
 What tho' he be not come to his full pow'r?
 He's mending and improving ev'ry hour.
 You sly she-jockies of the box and pit, 20
 Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken wit :
 By management he may in time be made,
 But there's no hopes of an old batter'd jade ;
 Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a sweat,
 And always fails you at the second heat. 25

VI.

An EPILOGUE, for the King's house.

WE act by fits and starts, like drowning men,
 But just peep up, and then pop down again.
 Let those who call us wicked change their sense;
 For never men liv'd more on Providence.
 Not lott'ry cavaliers are half so poor, 5
 Nor broken Cits, nor a vacation-whore.

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Not courts, nor courtiers living on the rents
 Of the three last ungriving Parliaments :
 So wretched, that if Pharaoh could divine,
 He might have spar'd his dream of seven lean kine,
 And chang'd his vision for the Muses Nine. 11 }
 The comet that, they say, portends a dearth,
 Was but a vapour drawn from playhouse earth,
 Pent there since our last fire, and, Lilly says,
 Foreshows our change of state, and thin-third days.
 'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor, 16
 For then the printer's press would suffer more.
 Their pamphleteers each day their venom spit ;
 They thrive by treason, and we starve by wit.
 Confess the truth, which of you has not laid 20
 Four farthings out to buy the Hatfield Maid ?
 Or, which is duller yet, and more would spite us,
 Democritus his Wars with Heraclitus ?
 Such are the authors who have run us down,
 And exercis'd you critics of the Town. 25
 Yet these are pearls to your lampooning rhymes ;
 Y' abuse yourselves more dully than the times.
 Scandal, the glory of the English Nation,
 Is worn to rags, and scribbled out of fashion.
 Such harmless thrusts as if, like fencers wise, 30
 They had agreed their play before their prize.
 Faith they may hang their harps upon the willows ;
 'Tis just like children when they box with pillows.

Then put an end to Civil wars for shame; 34
 Let each knight-errant who has wrong'd a dame
 Throw down his pen, and give her, as he can,
 The satisfaction of a gentleman. 37

VII.

EPILOGUE to THE LOYAL BROTHER: or, THE
 PERSIAN PRINCE, 1682.

A VIRGIN poet was serv'd up to-day,
 Who, till this hour, ne'er cackled for a play.
 He's neither yet a Whig nor Tory boy,
 But, like a girl, whom sev'ral would enjoy,
 Begs leave to make the best of his own nat'ral toy. } 6
 Were I to play my callow author's game,
 The Kings House would instruct me by the name,
 'There's loyalty to one: I wish no more;
 A commonwealth sounds like a common whore.
 Let husband or gallant be what they will, 10
 One part of woman is true Tory still.
 If any factious spirit should rebel,
 Our sex, with ease, can ev'ry rising quell.
 Then, as you hope we should your failings hide,
 An honest jury for our play provide. 15
 Whigs at their poets never take offence;
 They save dull culprits who have murder'd sense:
 Tho' nonsense is a nauseous heavy mass,
 The vehicle call'd Faction makes it pass.

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EPILOGUE
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Faction in play's the Commonwealth-man's bribe,
 The leaden farthing of the Canting tribe ; 21
 Tho' void in payment laws and statutes make it,
 The neighbourhood, that knows the man, will take it.
 'Tis faction buys the votes of half the pit ;
 Theirs is the pension-parliament of wit. 25
 In city-clubs their venom let them vent ;
 For there 'tis safe in its own element :
 Here, where their madness can have no pretence,
 Let them forget themselves an hour of sense.
 In one poor isle why should two factions be ? 30
 Small diff'rence in your vices I can see ;
 In drink and drabs both sides too well agree. }
 Would there were more preferments in the land !
 If places fell the party could not stand.
 Of this damn'd grievance ev'ry Whig complains ; 35
 They grunt like hogs till they have got their grains.
 Mean-time you see what trade our plots advance,
 We send each year good money into France ;
 And they that know what merchandize we need,
 Send o'er true Protestants to mend our breed. 40

VIII.

EPILOGUE to the University of Oxford. Spoken by Mr.
 HART at the acting of the SILENT WOMAN.

No poor Dutch peasant, wing'd with all his fear, [near,
 Flies with more haste when the French Arms draw

'Than we with our poetic train come down,
 For refuge hither, from th' infected Town.
 Heav'n for our sins this summer has thought fit 5
 To visit us with all the plagues of wit.
 A French troop first swept all things in its way,
 But those hot Monsieurs were too quick to stay :
 Yet, to our cost, in that short time we find
 They left their itch of novelty behind. 10
 Th' Italian Merry Andrews took their place,
 And quite debauch'd the stage with lewd grimace.
 Instead of wit and humours, your delight
 Was there to see two hobby horses fight :
 Stout Scaramoucha with rush lance rode in, 15
 And ran a tilt at Centaur Arlequin.
 For love you heard how am'rous asses bray'd,
 And cats in gutters gave their serenade.
 Nature was out of count'nance, and each day
 Some new-born monster shewn you for a play. 20
 But when all fail'd to strike the stage quite dumb,
 Those wicked engines call'd Machines are come.
 Thunder and lightning now for wit are play'd,
 And shortly scenes in Lapland will be laid :
 Art-magic is for poetry profest ; 25
 And cats and dogs, and each obscener beast,
 To which Egyptian dotards once did bow,
 Upon our English stage are worshipp'd now.
 Witchcraft reigns there, and raises to renown
 Macbeth, and Simon Magus of the Town ; 30

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EPILOGUE

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Fletcher's despis'd, your Johnson's out of fashion,
 And wit the only drug in all the nation.
 In this low ebb our wares to you are shown;
 By you those staple author's worth is known;
 For wit's a manufacture of your own. 35 }
 When you, who only can their scenes have prais'd,
 We'll boldly back, and say their price is rais'd. 37

IX.

EPILOGUE. *Spoken at Oxford. By Mrs. MARSHALL.*

Off' has our poet wish'd this happy seat
 Might prove his fading Muse's last retreat:
 I wonder'd at his wish, but now I find
 He sought for quiet and content of mind,
 Which noiseful towns and courts can never know, 5
 And only in the shades, like laurels, grow.
 Youth, ere it sees the world, here studies rest,
 And Age returning thence concludes it best.
 What wonder if we court that happiness
 Yearly to share which hourly you possess, 10
 Teaching e'en you, while the next world we show
 Your peace to value more and better know?
 'Tis all we can return for favours past,
 Whose holy memory shall ever last;
 For patronage from him whose care presides 15
 O'er ev'ry noble art, and ev'ry science guides;

Bathurst! a name the learn'd with rev'rence know,
 And scarcely more to his own Virgil owe :
 Whose age enjoys but what his youth deserv'd,
 To rule those Muses whom before he serv'd. 20
 His learning and untainted manners too,
 We find, Athenians! are deriv'd to you :
 Such ancient hospitality their rests
 In your's, as dwelt in the first Grecian breasts, }
 Whose kindness was religion to their guests. 25 }
 Such modesty did to our sex appear, }
 As, had there been no laws, we need not fear, }
 Since each of you was our protector here :
 Converse so chaste, and so strict virtue shown,
 As might Apollo with the Muses own. 30
 Till our return we must despair to find
 Judges so just, so knowing, and so kind. 34

X.

EPILOGUE to CONSTANTINE THE GREAT. By
 Mr. N. LEE, 1684.

OUR hero's happy in the play's conclusion;
 The holy rogue at last has met confusion.
 Tho' Arius all along appear'd a saint,
 The last act shew'd him a true Protestant.
 Eusebius (for you know I read Greek authors) 5
 Reports, that after all these plots and slaughters,

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The court of Constantine was full of glory,
 And ev'ry Trimmer turn'd addressing Tory.
 They follow'd him in herds as they were mad :
 When Clause was king, then all the world was glad.
 Whigs kept the places they possess'd before, 11
 And most were in a way of getting more ;
 Which was as much as saying, Gentlemen,
 Here's pow'r and money to be rogues agen.
 Indeed there were a sort of peaking tools, 15
 Some call them modest, but I call them fools,
 Men much more loyal, tho' not half so loud :
 But these poor devils were cast behind the crowd :
 For bold knaves thrive without one grain of sense,
 But good men starve for want of impudence. 20
 Besides all these there were a sort of wights,
 (I think my author calls them Tekelites)
 Such hearty rogues against the king and laws,
 They favour'd e'en a foreign rebel's cause : [aw'd,
 When their own damn'd design was quash'd and
 At least they gave it their good word abroad : 26
 As many a man who, for a quiet life,
 Breeds out his bastard not to noise his wife.
 Thus o'er their darling plot these trimmers cry,
 And though they cannot keep it in their eye, 30 }
 They bind it 'prentice to Count Tekely.
 They believe not the last plot ; may I be curst
 If I believe they e'er believ'd the first.

No wonder their own plot no plot they think,
 The man that makes it never smells the stink, 35
 And now it comes into my head, I'll tell
 Why these damn'd Trimmers lov'd the Turks so well,
 The orig'nal Trimmer, tho' a friend to no man,
 Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty woman ;
 He knew that Mahomet laid up for ever 40
 Kind black-ey'd rogues for ev'ry true believer ;
 And, which was more than mortal man e'er tasted,
 One pleasure that for threescore twelvemonths lasted:
 To turn for this may surely be forgiv'n ;
 Who'd not be circumcis'd for such a heav'n ? 45

XI.

EPILOGUE to the *King and Queen*, upon the union of the
two companies, 1686.

NEW ministers, when first they get in place,
 Must have a care to please ; and that's our ease.
 Some laws for public welfare we design,
 If you, the pow'r supreme, will please to join.
 There are a sort of prattlers in the pit,
 Who either have or who pretend to wit.
 These noisy Sirs so loud their parts rehearse,
 That oft the play is silenc'd by the farce.
 Let such be dumb, this penalty to shun,
 Each to be thought my lady's eldest son.

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But stay ; methinks some vizard mask I see
 Cast out her lure from the mid gallery ;
 About her all the flutt'ring sparks are rang'd,
 The noise continues tho' the scene is chang'd :
 Now growling, sputt'ring, wawling, such a clutter,
 'Tis just like puss defendant in a gutter. 16
 Fine love, no doubt ! But ere two days are o'er ye,
 The surgeon will be told a woeful story.
 Let Vizard Mask her naked face expose,
 On pain of being thought to want a nose. 20
 Then for your lackeys, and your train beside,
 By whate'er name or title dignify'd,
 They roar so loud, you'd think behind the stairs
 Tom Dove, and all the brotherhood of Bears.
 They're grown a nuisance, beyond all disasters ; 25
 We've none so great but their unpaying masters.
 We beg you, Sirs, to beg your men, that they,
 Would please to give you leave to hear the play.
 Next in the playhouse spare your precious lives ;
 Think, like good Christians, on your bairns and wives;
 Think on your souls ; but by your lugging forth, 31
 It seems you know how little they are worth.
 If none of these will move the warlike mind,
 Think on the helpless whore you leave behind.
 We beg you, last, our scene-room to forbear, 35
 And leave our goods and chattels to our care.
 Alas ! our women are but washy toys,
 And wholly taken up in stage employs :

Poor willing tits they are ; but yet, I doubt,
 This double duty soon will wear them out. 40
 Then you are watch'd besides with jealous care ;
 What if my lady's page should find you there ?
 My Lady knows t' a tittle what there's in ye ;
 No passing your gilt shilling for a guinea.
 Thus, Gentlemen, we have summ'd up, in short, 45
 Our grievances from country, town, and court,
 Which humbly we submit to your good pleasure ;
 But first vote money, then redress at leisure. 48

XII.

EPILOGUE to THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES, 1629.

A QUALM of conscience brings me back again,
 To make amends to you bespatter'd men.
 We women love, like cats that hide their joys,
 By growling, squailing, and a hideous noise.
 I rail'd at wild young sparks ; but, without lying, 5
 Never was man worse thought on for high-flying.
 The prodigal of love gives each her part,
 And squandring shows, at least a noble part,
 I've heard of men who, in some lewd lampoon,
 Have hir'd a friend to make their valour known. 10
 That accusation straight this question brings,
 What is the man that does such naughty things ?
 The spaniel lover, like a sneaking fop,
 Lies at our feet ; he's scarce worth taking up.

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EPILOGUE

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 Volume I

'Tis true such heroes in a play go far ; 15
 But chamber-practice is not like the bar.
 When men such vile, such faint, petitions make,
 We fear to give, because they fear to take,
 Since modesty's the virtue of our kind,
 Pray let it be to our own sex confin'd : 20
 When men usurp it from the female nation,
 'Tis but a work of supererogation—
 We shew'd a Princess in the play, 'tis true,
 Who gave her Cæsar more than all his due ;
 Told her own faults ; but I should much abhor 25
 To chuse a husband for my confessor.
 You see what fate follow'd the saint-like fool
 For telling tales from out the nuptial school.
 Our play a merry comedy had prov'd,
 Had she confess'd so much to him she lov'd. 30
 True Presbyterian wives the means would try,
 But damn'd confessing is flat Popery. 32

XIII.

EPILOGUE to HENRY II. By Mr. MOUNTFORT, 1693.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

Thus you the sad catastrophe have seen,
 Occasion'd by a mistress and a queen.
 Queen Elinor the Proud was French, they say,
 But English manufacture got the day.

Volume III.

N

Jane Clifford was her name, as books aver : 5
 Fair Rosamond was but her *nom de guerre*.
 Now tell me, Gallants ! would you lead your life
 With such a mistress or with such a wife ?
 If one must be your choice, which d'ye approve,
 The curtain lecture or the curtain love ? 10
 Would ye be godly with perpetual strife,
 Still drudging on with homely Joan your wife,
 Or take your pleasure in a wicked way,
 Like honest whoring Harry in the play ?
 I guess your minds ; the mistress would be taken, 15
 And nauseous Matrimony sent a-packing.
 The devil's in you all ; mankind's a rogue ;
 You love the bride ; but you detest the clog.
 After a year poor spouse is left i' th' lurch,
 And you, like Haynes, return to mother-church. 20
 Or, if the name of church comes cross your mind,
 Chapels of ease behind our scenes you find.
 The playhouse is a kind of market-place ;
 One chaffers for a voice, another for a face :
 Nay, some of you, I dare not say how many, 25
 Would buy of me a penn'worth for your penny.
 E'en this poor face, which with my fan I hide,
 Would make a shift my portion to provide,
 With some small perquisites I have beside. }
 Tho' for your love, perhaps, I should not care, 30
 I could not hate a man that bids me fair.

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What might ensue 'tis hard for me to tell,
 But I was drench'd to-day for loving well, 33
 And fear the poison that would make me swell. }

XIV.

AN EPILOGUE.

You saw our wife was chaste, yet throughly try'd,
 And, without doubt, y' are hugely edify'd;
 For like our hero whom we shew'd to-day,
 You think no woman true but in a play.
 Love once did make a pretty kind of show; 5
 Esteem and kindness in one breast would grow; }
 But 'twas Heav'n knows how many years ago. }
 Now some small chat, and guinea expectation,
 Gets all the pretty creatures in the nation.
 In comedy your little selves you meet; 10
 'Tis Covent-Garden drawn in Bridges-Street.
 Smile on our author then, if he has shown
 A jolly nut-brown bastard of your own.
 Ah! happy you, with ease and with delight,
 Who act those follies poets toil to write! 15
 The sweating Muse does almost leave the chase;
 She puffs, and hardly keeps your Protean vices pace.
 Pinch you but in one vice, away you fly
 To some new frisk of contrariety.
 You roll like snow-balls, gath'ring as you run, 20
 And get sev'n dev'ls when dispossess'd of one.

Your Venus once was a Platonic queen;
 Nothing of love beside the face was seen;
 But ev'ry inch of her you now uncase,
 And clap a vizard-mask upon the face. 25
 For sins like these the zealous of the land,
 With little hair, and little or no band,
 Declare how circulating pestilences
 Watch, ev'ry twenty years, to snap offences.
 Saturn e'en now takes doctoral degrees, 30
 He'll do your work this summer without fees,
 Let all the boxes, Phœbus! find thy grace,
 And, ah! preserve the eighteen-penny place!
 But for the pit-confounders, let 'em go,
 And find as little mercy as they show: 35
 The actors thus, and thus thy poets pray;
 For ev'ry critic sav'd thou damn'st a play. 37

XV.

EPILOGUE to THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD.

LIKE some raw sophister that mounts the pulpit,
 So trembles a young poet at a full pit.
 Unus'd to crowds, the parson quakes for fear,
 And wonders how the dev'l he durst come there,
 Wanting three talents needful for the place, 5
 Some beard, some learning, and some little grace.

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Nor is the puny Poet void of care,
 For authors, such as our new authors are,
 Have not much learning, nor much wit to spare : }
 And as for grace, to tell the truth, there's scarce one
 But has as little as the very Parson. II

Both say they preach and write for your instruction,
 But 'tis for a third day, and for induction.

The diff'rence is, that though you like the play,
 The Poet's gain is ne'er beyond his day. 15

But with the Parson 'tis another case ;
 He without holiness may rise to grace.

The Poet has one disadvantage more,
 That if his play be dull he's damn'd all o'er, }
 Not only a damn'd blockhead, but damn'd poor. }
 But dulness well becomes the sable garment ; 21

I warrant that ne'er spoil'd a Priest's preferment :

Wit's not his bus'ness, and as wit now goes,
 Sirs, 'tis not so much your's as you suppose, }
 For you like nothing now but nauseous beaus. 25 }

You laugh not, Gallants ! as by proof appears,
 At what his Beauship says, but what he wears ; }
 So 'tis your eyes are tickled, not your ears. }

The tailor and the furrier find the stuff,
 The wit lies in the dress and monstrous muff. 30

The truth on't is, the payment of the pit
 Is like for like, clipt money for clipt wit.
 You cannot from our absent author hope
 He should equip the stage with such a fop :

Fools change in England, and new fools arise ; 35 }
 For tho' th' immortal species never dies, }
 Yet ev'ry year new maggots make new flies : }
 But where he lives abroad he scarce can find
 One fool for millions that he left behind. 39

XVI.

EPILOGUE to THE PILGRIM.

PERHAPS the Parson stretch'd a point too far,
 When with our theatres he wag'd a war.
 He tells you that this very moral age
 Receiv'd the first infection from the stage.
 But, sure, a banish'd court, with lewdness fraught, 5
 The seeds of open vice, returning, brought.
 Thus lodg'd (as vice by great example thrives)
 It first debauch'd the daughters and the wives.
 London, a fruitful soil, yet never bore
 So plentiful a crop of horns before. 10
 The poets, who must live by courts or starve,
 Were proud so good a government to serve,
 And, mixing with buffoons and pimps profane,
 Tainted the stage for some small snip of gain.
 For they, like harlots, under bawds profest, 15
 Took all th' ungodly pains, and got the least.
 Thus did the thriving malady prevail,
 The court its head, the poets but the tail.
 The sin was of our native growth 'tis true,
 The scandal of the sin was wholly new. 20

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Misses they were, but modestly conceal'd ;
 Whitehall the naked Venus first reveal'd,
 Who standing, as at Cyprus, in her shrine,
 The strumpet was ador'd with rites divine.
 Ere this, if saints had any secret motion, 25
 'Twas chamber-practice all, and close devotion.
 I pass the peccadillos of their time ;
 Nothing but open lewdness was a crime.
 A monarch's blood was venial to the nation,
 Compar'd with one foul act of fornication. 30
 Now they would silence us, and shut the door,
 That let in all the bare-fac'd vice before.
 As for reforming us, which some pretend,
 That work in England is without an end :
 Well may we change, but we shall never mend. }
 Yet if you can but bear the present stage, 36
 We hope much better of the coming age.
 What would you say if we should first begin- }
 To stop the trade of love behind the scene,
 Where actresses make bold with marry'd men ? }
 For while abroad so prodigal the dolt is. 41
 Poor spouse at home as ragged as a colt is.
 In short, we'll grow as moral as we can.
 Save here and there a woman or a man :
 But neither you nor we, with all our pains. 45
 Can make clean work ; there will be some remains }
 While you have still your Oates and we our Haynes. }

SONGS.

I.

THE FAIR STRANGER.

I.

HAPPY and free, securely blest,
No beauty could disturb my rest;
My am'rous heart was in despair,
To find a new victorious fair :

II.

Till you, descending on our plains,
With foreign force renew my chains :
Where now you rule without control,
The mighty sov'reign of my soul.

III.

Your smiles have more of conqu'ring charms
Than all your native country arms :
Their troops we can expel with ease,
Who vanquish only when we please.

IV.

But in your eyes, oh ! there's the spell,
Who can see them and not rebel ?
You make us captives by your stay,
Yet kill us if you go away.

On THE

CLAREND

Clifford w

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16

II.

On THE YOUNG STATESMEN. *Written in 1680.*

CLARENDON had law and sense ;
Clifford was fierce and brave ;
Bennet's grave looks was a pretence,
And Danby's matchless impudence
Help'd to support the knave.

5

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
These will appear such chits in story,
'Twill turn all politics to jests,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fidlers sing at feasts.

10

Protect us mighty Providence !
What would these madmen have ?
First they would bribe us without pence,
Deceive us without common sense,
And without pow'r enslave.

15

Shall free-born men, in humble awe,
Submit to servile shame,
Who from consent and custom draw
The same right to be rul'd by law
Which kings pretend to reign ?

20

The Duke shall wield his conqu'ring sword,
 The Chancellor make a speech,
 The king shall pass his honest word,
 The pawn'd revenue sums afford,
 And then come kiss my breech.

25

So have I seen a king on chess,
 (His rooks and knights withdrawn,
 His queen and bishops in distress)
 Shifting about, grow less and less,
 With here and there a pawn.

30

III.

A SONG *for St. CECILIA's Day, 1687.*

I.

FROM harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
 This universal frame began,
 When Nature underneath a heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 Arise, ye more than dead!
 Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's pow'r obey.
 From harmony, from heav'nly harmony,
 This universal frame began:

5

10

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 The woes
 Whose dir

SONGS.

151

From harmony to harmony,
Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

15

II.

25 What passion cannot Music raise and quell!

When Jubal struck the corded shell,

His list'ning brethren stood around,

And, wond'ring on their faces fell

To worship that celestial sound.

20

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell,

30 Within the hollow of that shell,

That spoke so sweetly and so well.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell!

III.

The Trumpet's loud clangor

25

Excites us to arms,

With shrill notes of anger,

And mortal alarms;

The double, double, double beat

Of the thund'ring Drum,

30

Cries, Hark! the foes come;

5 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining Flute,

In dying notes discovers,

The woes of hopeless lovers,

35

10 Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling Lute.

V.

Sharp Violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs and desperation.
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion,
 For the fair disdainful dame.

40

VI.

But, oh! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach,
 The sacred Organ's praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heav'nly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

45

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
 And trees uprooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the Lyre;
 But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher,
 When to her Organ vocal breath was giv'n;
 An angel heard, and straight appear'd,
 Mistaking earth for heav'n.

50

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the pow'r of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise,
 To all the blest above;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,

55

60

The true
 The dead
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THE TE

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 From the
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 Charming
 Damon l
 Melting
 Murm'rin
 Who so

Volume

The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And music shall untune the sky.

}

IV.

THE TEARS OF AMYNTA *for the death of* DAMON.

I.

ON a bank, beside a willow,
 Heav'n her cov'ring, earth her pillow,
 Sad Amynta sigh'd alone :
 From the cheerless dawn of morning,
 Till the dews of night returning,
 Sighing, thus she made her moan :
 Hope is banish'd,
 Joys are vanish'd,
 Damon, my belov'd, is gone !

5

II.

Time, I dare thee to discover
 Such a youth and such a lover ;
 Oh ! so true, so kind was he !
 Damon was the pride of Nature,
 Charming in his ev'ry feature ;
 Damon liv'd alone for me :
 Melting kisses,
 Murm'ring blisses :
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we !

10

15

Volume III.

O

III.

Never shall we curse the morning,
 Never bless the night returning, 20
 Sweet embraces to restore :
 Never shall we both lie dying,
 Nature failing, love supplying
 All the joys he drain'd before :
 Death come end me, 25
 To befriend me ;
 Love and Damon are no more ! 27

V.

A SONG.

I.

SYLVIA the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
 Felt an innocent warmth as she lay on the green;
 She had heard of a pleasure, and something she guest
 By the towzing, and tumbling, and touching her breast:
 She saw the men eager, but was at a loss 5
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so
 By their praying and whining, [close.
 And clasping and twining,
 And panting and wishing,
 And sighing and kissing, 10
 And sighing and kissing so close.

II.

Ah ! she cry'd; ah ! for a languishing maid,
 In a country of Christians to die without aid?

Not a W
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 And sigh

A CHOIR
 To chuse

Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer, at least,
 Or a Protestant parson, or Catholic priest, 15
 To instruct a young virgin that is at a loss
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close:
 By their praying and whining,
 And clasping and twining,
 And panting and wishing, 20
 And sighing and kissing,
 And sighing and kissing so close. 25

III.

Cupid in shape of a swain did appear ;
 He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near ;
 Then show'd her his arrow, and bid her not fear, 25
 For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear :
 When the balm was infus'd she was not at a loss
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close:
 By their praying and whining,
 And clasping and twining, 30
 And panting and wishing,
 And sighing and kissing,
 And sighing and kissing so close. 33

VI.

THE LADIES' SONG.

I.

A CHOIR of bright beauties in spring did appear.
 To chuse a May-lady to govern the year;

All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds
in green ;

The garland was giv'n, and Phyllis was queen :
But Phyllis refus'd it, and, sighing, did say, 5
I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

II.

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our shore,
The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more ;
The soft god of pleasure, that warm'd our desires,
Has broken his bow and extinguish'd his fires ; 10
And vows that himself and his mother will mourn,
Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

III.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more,
For we will perform what the Deity swore ;
But if you dare think of deserving our charms, 15
Away with your sheephooks, and take to your arms:
Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,
When Pan and his son and fair Syrinx return. 18

VII.

A SONG.

I.

FAIR, sweet, and young, receive a prize,
Reserv'd for your victorious eyes.
From crowds, whom at your feet you see,
O pity and distinguish me !

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I beg for
So gentle
My soul
That trea
I beg for

SONGS.

157

As I, from thousand beauties more
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

5

II.

Your face for conquest was design'd ;
Your ev'ry motion charms my mind ;
Angels, when you your silence break,
Forget their hymns to hear you speak ;
But when, at once, they hear and view,
Are loath to mount, and long to stay with you.

10

III.

No graces can your form improve,
But all are lost unless you love ;
While that sweet passion you disdain,
Your veil and beauty are in vain :
In pity then prevent my fate,
For after dying all reprieve's too late.

15

18

VIII.

A SONG.

HIGH state and honours to others impart,
But give me your heart :
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.
So gentle a love, so fervent a fire,
My soul does inspire ;
That treasure, that treasure alone,
I beg for my own.

5

Your love let me crave ;
 Give me in possessing 10
 So matchless a blessing ;
 That empire is all I would have.
 Love's my petition,
 All my ambition ;
 If e'er you discover 15
 So faithful a lover,
 So real a flame,
 I'll die, I'll die ;
 So give up my game. 19

IX.

RONDELAÏ.

I.

CHLOE found Amyntas lying,
 All in tears, upon the plain,
 Sighing to himself, and crying,
 Wretched I, to love in vain !
 Kiss me, Dear ! before my dying ;
 Kiss me once, and ease my pain ! 6

II.

Sighing to himself, and crying,
 Wretched I, to love in vain !
 Ever scorning, and denying,
 To reward your faithful swain :
 Kiss me, Dear ? before my dying :
 Kiss me once, and ease my pain ! 10

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 Chloe, la
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 Chloe, la
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III.

10 Ever scorning, and denying,
 To reward your faithful swain;
 Chloe, laughing at his crying,
 Told him that he lov'd in vain :
 Kiss me, Dear ! before my dying ;
 15 Kiss me once, and ease my pain !

IV.

Chloe, laughing at his crying,
 Told him that he lov'd in vain !
 19 But repenting, and complying,
 When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again :
 Kiss'd him up before his dying ;
 Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his pain.

X.

A SONG.

I.

6 Go tell Amynta, gentle Swain !
 I would not die, nor dare complain ;
 Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
 Thy words will more prevail than mine.
 To souls oppres'd, and dumb with grief,
 The gods ordain this kind relief,
 That Music should in sounds convey,
 10 What dying lovers dare not say.

II.

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
 But love on pity cannot live ; 10
 Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
 And love with love is only paid :
 Tell her my pains so fast increase,
 That soon they will be past redress :
 But, ah ! the wretch that speechless lies,
 Attends but death to close his eyes. 16

XI.

A SONG to a fair young Lady going out of the Town in the Spring.

Ask not the cause why sullen Spring
 So long delays her flow'rs to bear ;
 Why warbling birds forget to sing,
 And winter-storms invert the year :
 Chloris is gone, and Fate provides 5
 To make it spring where she resides.

II.

Chloris is gone, the cruel fair !
 She cast not back a pitying eye,
 But left her lover in despair,
 To sigh, to languish, and to die. 10
 Ah, how can those fair eyes endure
 To give the wounds they will not cure ?

III.

Great god of Love, why hast thou made
 A face that can all hearts command,

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SONG of
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The lover

PHIL.

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AMYN

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That all religions can invade, 15
 And change the laws of ev'ry land ?
 Where thou hadst plac'd such pow'r before,
 Thou shouldst have made her mercy more.

IV.

When Chloris to the temple comes,
 Adoring crowds before her fall; 20
 She can restore the dead from tombs,
 And ev'ry life but mine recall.
 I only am by love design'd
 To be the victim for mankind. 24

XII.

SONG of a SCHOLAR AND HIS MISTRESS, *who being
 crossed by their friends, fell mad for one another, and
 now first meet in Bedlam.*

[*Music within.*]

The lovers enter at opposite doors, each held by a keeper.

PHIL. Look, look, I see—I see my love appear!
 'Tis he——'tis he alone,
 For like him there is none :
 'Tis the dear, dear man ; 'tis thee, Dear !

AMYNT. Hark ! the winds war, 5
 The foamy waves roar ;
 I see a ship afar,
 Tossing and tossing, and making to the shore :
 But what's that I view,
 So radiant of hue, 10

St. Hermo, St. Hermo, that sits upon the sails!
 Ah! no, no, no;
 St. Hermo never, never shone so bright;
 'Tis Phillis, only Phillis, can shoot so fair a light:
 'Tis I'phillis, 'tis Phillis, that saves the ship alone, 15
 For all the winds are hush'd, and the storm is over-
 blown.

PHIL. Let me go, let me run, let me fly to his arms.

AMYNT. If all the Fates combine,
 And all the Furies join, [charms.
 I'll force my way to Phillis, and break through their
 [*Here they break from their keepers, run to each other,
 and embrace.*]

PHIL. Shall I marry the man I love! 21
 And shall I conclude my pains?
 Now bless'd be the Pow'rs above!
 I feel the blood bound in my veins;
 With a lively leap it began to move, 25
 And the vapours leave my brains.

AMYNT. Body join'd to body, and heart join'd to
 To make sure of the cure, [heart,
 Go, call the man in black to mumble o'er his part.

PHIL. But suppose he should stay — 30

AMYNT. At worst if he delay,
 'Tis a work must be done,
 We'll borrow but a day,
 And the better the sooner begun.

Cbo. of both.] At worst if he delay, &c. 35

[*They run out together hand in hand.*]

ELE

FAREWELL
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ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

I.

To the memory of Mr. OLDHAM.

FAREWELL, too little and too lately known,
Whom I began to think and call my own;
For sure our souls were near ally'd, and thine
Cast in the same poetic mould with mine:
One common note on either lyre did strike, 5
And knaves and fools we both abhorr'd alike:
To the same goal did both our studies drive;
The last set out, the soonest did arrive.
Thus Nisus fell upon the slipp'ry place,
Whilst his young friend perform'd and won the race.
O early ripe to thy abundant store, 11
What could advancing age have added more?
It might, what Nature never gives the young,
Have taught the smoothness of thy native tongue.
But satire needs not those, and wit will shine 15
Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line:
A noble error, and but seldom made,
When poets are by too much force betray'd.
Thy gen'rous fruits, tho' gather'd ere their prime, }
Still shew'd a quickness; and maturing Time 20 }
But mellowes what we write to the dull sweets of
rhyme.

Once more, hail, and farewell ; farewell thou young,
 But, ah, too short Marcellus of our tongue !
 Thy brows with ivy and with laurels bound ; 24
 But fate and gloomy night encompass thee around.

II.

AN ODE

To the pious memory of the accomplished young Lady

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW,

Excellent in the two sister-arts of Poesy and Painting.

I.

THOU youngest virgin-daughter of the Skies,
 Made in the last promotion of the bless'd ;
 Whose palms, new pluck'd from Paradise,
 In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
 Rich with immortal green above the rest ; 5
 Whether, adopted to some neighb'ring star,
 Thou roll'st above us in thy wand'ring race,
 Or in procession fix'd and regular,
 Mov'd with the heav'n's majestic pace ;
 Or, call'd to more superior bliss, 10
 Thou tread'st with seraphims the vast abyss ;
 Whatever happy region is thy place,
 Cease thy celestial song a little space ;
 Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
 Since heav'ns eternal year is thine : 15

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 Volume

Hear, then, a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse

In no ignoble verse ;

But such as thy own voice did practise here,

When thy first fruits of poesy were giv'n ;

To make thyself a welcome inmate there ; 20

While yet a young probationer,

And candidate of heav'n.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,

Our wonder is the less, to find

A soul so charming from a stock so good ; 25

Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood :

So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,

An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.

But if thy pre-existing soul

Was form'd, at first, with myriads more, 30

It did thro' all the mighty poets roll,

Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,

And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.

If so, then cease thy flight, O heav'n-born mind !

Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore : 35

Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,

Than was the beauteous frame she left behind :

Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind } 40

III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth,

New joy was sprung in heav'n, as well as here on
earth.

40

Volume III.

P

For sure the milder planets did combine
 On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
 And e'en the most malicious were in trine.
 Thy brother-angels at thy birth
 Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high, 45
 That all the people of the sky
 Might know a poetess was born on earth;
 And then, if ever, mortal ears
 Had heard the music of the spheres.
 And if no clust'ring swarm of bees 50
 On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
 'Twas that such vulgar miracles
 Heav'n had not leisure to renew;
 For all thy bless'd fraternity of love [above.
 Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holy-day

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we 56
 Profan'd thy heav'nly gift of poesy?
 Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
 Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
 Whose harmony was first ordain'd above 60
 For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love?
 O wretched we! why were we hurry'd down
 This lubrique and adult'rate age,
 (Nay, added fat pollutions of our own)
 T' increase the streaming ordures of the stage? 65
 What can we say t' excuse our second fall?
 Let this thy vestal, Heav'n! atone for all:

Her Areth
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Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
 Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd ; 69
 Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none,
 For nature did that want supply ;
 So rich in treasures of her own,
 She might our boasted stores defy.
 Such noble vigour did her verse adorn, 75
 That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
 Her morals, too, were in her bosom bred,
 By great examples daily fed,
 What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
 And to be read herself she need not fear ; 80
 Each test, and ev'ry light, her Muse will bear,
 Tho' Epictetus, with his lamp, were there.
 E'en love, for love sometimes her Muse express'd,
 Was but a lambent flamewhich play'd about her breast,
 Light as the vapours of a morning dream ; 85
 So cold herself, while she such warmth exprest,
 'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
 One would have thought she should have been content
 To manage well that mighty government ; 90
 But what can young ambitious souls confine
 To the next realm she stretch'd her sway,
 For Painture near adjoining lay ;
 A plenteous province and alluring prey.

A Chamber of Dependencies was fram'd, 95
 (As conquerors will never want pretence,
 When arm'd, to justify th' offence)
 And the whole fief, in right of poetry, she claim'd.
 The country open lay without defence;
 For poets frequent inroads there had made, 100
 And perfectly could represent
 The shape, the face, with ev'ry lineament;
 And all the large domains which the dumb sister
 All bow'd beneath her government, [sway'd;
 Receiv'd in triumph wheresoe'er she went, 105
 Her pencil drew whate'er her soul design'd,
 And oft' the happy draught surpass'd the image in
 The sylvan scenes of herds and flocks, [her mind.
 And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
 Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear, 110
 The bottom did the top appear;
 Of deeper too, and ampler floods,
 Which, as in mirrors, shew'd the woods;
 Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
 And perspectives of pleasant glades, 115
 Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
 And shaggy Satyrs standing near,
 Which them at once admire and fear.
 The ruins, too, of some majestic piece,
 Boasting the pow'r of ancient Rome or Greece, 120
 Whose statues, freezes, columns, broken lie,
 And, tho' defac'd, the wonder of the eye;

What Na
 Her form
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 But when

The scene
 Our mart
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 That Fate

What Nature, Art, bold Fiction, e'er durst frame,
 Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
 So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before, 125
 But when the peopled Ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The scene then chang'd, with bold erected look,
 Our martial King the sight with rev'rence strook;
 For, not content t' express his outward part,
 Her hand call'd out the image of his heart: 130
 His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
 His high-designing thoughts were figur'd there, }
 As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear.
 Our phoenix Queen was pourtray'd, too, so bright,
 Beauty alone could beauty take so right; 135
 Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
 Were all observ'd, as well as heav'nly face.
 With such a peerless majesty she stands,
 As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands;
 Before, a train of heroines, was seen, 140
 In beauty foremost, as in rank the Queen.
 Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
 But, like a ball of fire, the further thrown,
 Still with a greater blaze she shone,
 And her bright soul broke out on ev'ry side. 145
 What next she had design'd Heav'n only knows: }
 To such immod'rate growth her conquest rose, }
 That Fate alone its progress could oppose.

VIII.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
 The well proportion'd shape and beauteous face,
 Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes ; 151
 In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
 Not wit nor piety could Fate prevent ;
 Nor was the cruel Destiny content
 To finish all the murder at a blow, 155
 To sweep, at once, her life and beauty too ;
 But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
 To work more mischievously slow,
 And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
 A double sacrilege on things divine, 160
 To rob the relic, and deface the shrine !
 But thus Orinda dy'd :
 Heav'n by the same disease did both translate :
 As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

IX.

Mean time her warlike brother on the seas 165
 His waving streamers to the winds displays,
 And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays. }
 Ah, gen'rous youth ! that wish forbear,
 The winds too soon will waft thee here :
 Slack all thy sails, and fear to come, 170
 Alas ! thou know'st not thou art wreck'd at home ?
 No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
 Thou hast already had her last embrace.

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But look aloft, and if thou kenn'st from far,
 Among the Pleiades a new-kindled star, 175
 If any sparkles than the rest more bright,
 'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
 To raise the nations under ground :
 When, in the valley of Jehoshaphat, 180
 The judging God shall close the book of Fate,
 And there the last assizes keep
 For those who wake, and those who sleep ;
 When rattling bones together fly
 From the four corners of the sky ; 185
 When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
 Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead ;
 The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
 And foremost from the tomb shall bound, 189 }
 For they are cover'd with the lightest ground ; }
 And straight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
 Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing :
 There thou, sweet Saint ! before the quire shall go, }
 As harbinger of Heav'n, the way to show, 194 }
 The way which thou so well hast learnt below. }

ELEONORA:

A PANEGRICAL POEM.

Dedicated to the Memory of

THE LATE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON.

To the Right Honourable
THE EARL OF ABINGDON. &c.

MY LORD,

THE commands with which you honoured me some months ago are now performed: they had been sooner; but, betwixt ill health, some business, and many troubles, I was forced to defer them till this time. Ovid, going to his banishment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends, excused the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes, and told them that good verses never flow but from a serene and composed spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury, with wings fasten'd to his head and heels, can fly but slowly in a damp air. I therefore chose rather to obey you late than ill, if at least I am capable of writing any thing, at any time, which is worthy your perusal and your patronage. I cannot say that I have escaped

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from a shipwreck, but have only gained a rock by hard swimming, where I may pant a while and gather breath : for the doctors give me a sad assurance that my disease never took its leave of any man but with a purpose to return. However, my Lord, I have laid hold on the interval, and managed the small stock, which age has left me, to the best advantage, in performing this inconsiderable service to my Lady's memory. We, who are priests of Apollo, have not the inspiration when we please ; but must wait till the gods come rushing on us, and invades us with a fury which we are not able to resist ; which gives us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent at its departure. Let me not seem to boast, my Lord ; for I have really felt it on this occasion, and prophesied beyond my natural power. Let me add, and hope to be believed, that the excellency of the subject contributed much to the happiness of the execution ; and that the weight of thirty years was taken off me while I was writing. I swam with the tide, and the water under me was buoyant. The reader will easily observe that I was transported by the multitude and variety of my similitudes, which are generally the product of a luxuriant fancy, and the wantonness, of wit. Had I called in my judgment to my assistance, I had certainly retrenched many of them. But I defend them not ; let them pass for beautiful faults amongst the better

sort of critics; for the whole Poem, though written in that which they call Heroic verse, is of the Pindaric nature, as well in the thought as the expression; and, as such, requires the same grains of allowance for it. It was intended, as your Lordship sees in the title, not for an elegy, but a panegyric; a kind of apotheosis, indeed, if a Heathen word may be applied to a Christian use. And, on all occasions of praise, if we take the Ancients for our patterns, we are bound, by prescription, to employ the magnificence of words, and the force of figures, to adorn the sublimity of thoughts. Isocrates amongst the Grecian orators, and Cicero and the Younger Pliny amongst the Romans, have left us their precedents for our security: for I think I need not mention the inimitable Pindar, who stretches, on these pinions, out of sight, and is carried upward, as it were, into another world.

This, at least, my Lord, I may justly plead, that if I have not performed so well as I think I have, yet I have used my best endeavours to excel myself. One disadvantage I have had, which is, never to have known or seen my lady; and to draw the lineaments of her mind from the description which I have received from others, is for a painter to set himself at work without the living original before him; which, the more beautiful it is, will be so much the more difficult for him to conceive, when he has only

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a relation given him of such and such features by an acquaintance or a friend, without the nice touches, which give the best resemblance, and make the graces of the picture. Every artist is apt enough to flatter himself (and I among the rest) that his own ocular observations would have discovered more perfections, at least others, than have been delivered to him: though I have received mine from the best hands, that is, from persons who neither want a just understanding of my Lady's worth, nor a due veneration for her memory.

Doctor Donne, the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet, of our nation, acknowledges that he had never seen Mrs. Drury, whom he has made immortal in his admirable Anniversaries. I have had the same fortune, though I have not succeeded to the same genius. However, I have followed his footsteps in the design of his panegyric, which was to raise an emulation in the living to copy out the example of the dead: and therefore it was that I once intended to have called this Poem *The Pattern*; and though, on a second consideration, I changed the title into the name of the illustrious person, yet the design continues, and Eleonora is still the pattern of charity, devotion, and humility; of the best wife, the best mother, and the best of friends.

And now, my Lord, though I have endeavoured to answer your commands, yet I could not answer it

to the world, nor to my conscience, if I gave not your Lordship my testimony of being the best husband now living: I say my testimony only; for the praise of it is given you by yourself. They who despise the rules of virtue, both in their practice and their morals, will think this a very trivial commendation. But I think it the peculiar happiness of the Countess of Abingdon to have been so truly loved by you while she was living, and so gratefully honoured after she was dead. Few there are who have either had, or could have, such a loss; and yet fewer who carried their love and constancy beyond the grave. The exteriours of mourning, a decent funeral, and black habits, are the usual stints of common husbands; and perhaps their wives deserve no better than to be mourned with hypocrisy, and forgot with ease. But you have distinguished yourself from ordinary lovers, by a real and lasting grief for the deceased; and by endeavouring to raise for her the most durable monument, which is that of verse. And so it would have proved, if the workman had been equal to the work; and your choice of the artificer as happy as your design. Yet as Phidias, when he had made the statue of Minerva, could not forbear to engrave his own name as author of the piece; so give me leave to hope that, by subscribing mine to this Poem, I may live by the goddess, and transmit my name to posterity by the memory of her's. It is no flattery to

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assure your lordship that she is remembered in the present age, by all who have had the honour of her conversation and acquaintance; and that I have never been in any company, since the news of her death was first brought me, where they have not extolled her virtues, and even spoken the same things of her in prose which I have done in verse.

I therefore think myself obliged to thank your Lordship for the commission which you have given me: how I have acquitted myself of it must be left to the opinion of the world, in spite of any protestation which I can enter against the present age as incompetent or corrupt judges. For my comfort they are but Englishmen, and, as such, if they think ill of me to-day, they are inconstant enough to think well of me to-morrow. And, after all, I have not much to thank my fortune that I was born amongst them. The good of both sexes are so few in England, that they stand like exceptions against general rules; and though one of them has deserved a greater commendation than I could give her, they have taken care that I should not tire my pen with frequent exercise on the like subjects; that praises, like taxes, should be appropriated, and left almost as individual as the person. They say my talent is satire: if it be so, it is a fruitful age, and there is an extraordinary crop to gather: but a single hand is insufficient for such a harvest. They have sown the dragon's teeth them-

selves, and it is but just they should reap each other in lampoons. You, my Lord, who have the character of honour, though it is not my happiness to know you, may stand aside, with the small remainders of the English nobility, truly such, and, unhurt your selves, behold the mad combat. If I have pleased you, and some few others, I have obtained my end. You see I have disabled myself, like an elected Speaker of the House: yet, like him, I have undertaken the charge, and find the burthen sufficiently recompensed by the honour. Be pleased to accept of these my unworthy labours, this paper-monument; and let her pious memory, which I am sure is sacred to you, not only plead the pardon of my many faults, but gain me your protection, which is ambitiously sought by,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

Dedicated

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III.

ELEONORA:

A PANEGYRICAL POEM.

Dedicated to the memory of the late Countess of ABINGDON.

As when some great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whispers first, and mournful murmurs rise
Among the sad attendants; then the sound
Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,
Thro' town and country, till the dreadful blast 5
Is blown to distant colonies at last;

Who, then, perhaps, were off'ring vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign;
So slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim, 10
Till public as the loss the news became.

The nation felt it in th' extremest parts,
With eyes o'erflowing, and with bleeding hearts;
But most the poor, whom daily she supply'd,
Beginning to be such but when she dy'd : 15
For while she liv'd, they slept in peace by night,
Secure of bread, as of returning light;
And with such firm dependence on the day,
That Need grew pamper'd, and forgot to pray :
So sure the dole, so ready at their call, 20
They stood prepar'd to see the manna fall.

Such multitudes she fed, she cloth'd, she nurs'd,
 That she, herself, might fear her wanting first.
 Of her five talents other five she made;
 Heav'n, that had largely giv'n, was largely paid: 25
 And in few lives, in wondrous few, we find
 A fortune better fitted to the mind.
 Nor did her alms from ostentations fall,
 Or proud desire of praise; the soul gave all:
 Unbrib'd it gave; or, if a bribe appear, 30
 No less than heav'n, to heap huge treasures there.

Want pass'd for merit at her open door;
 Heav'n saw he safely might increase his poor,
 And trust their sustenance with her so well,
 As not to be at charge of miracle. 35
 None could be needy whom she saw or knew;
 All in the compass of her sphere she drew:
 He who could touch her garment was as sure
 As the first Christians of th' Apostles' cure.
 The distant heard, by Fame, her pious deeds, 40
 And laid her up for their extremest needs;
 A future cordial for a fainting mind;
 For what was ne'er refus'd, all hop'd to find,
 Each in his turn. The rich might freely come,
 As to a friend; but to the poor 'twas home, 45
 As to some holy house th' afflicted came,
 The hunger-starv'd, the naked, and the lame;
 Want and diseases fled before her name.

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For zeal like her's her servants were too slow ;
 She was the first, where need requir'd, to go ; 50
 Herself the foundress and attendant too.

Sure she had guests sometimes to entertain,
 Guests in disguise, of her great Master's train:
 Her Lord himself might come, for aught we know,
 Since in a servant's form he liv'd below: 55
 Beneath her roof he might be pleas'd to stay ;

Or some benighted angel, in his way,
 Might ease his wings, and, seeing heav'n appear
 In its best work of mercy, think it there :
 Where all the deeds of charity and love 60
 Were in as constant method as above,

All carried on; all of a piece with theirs;
 As free her alms, as diligent her cares ;
 As loud her praises, and as warm her pray'rs.

Yet was she not profuse; but fear'd to waste, 65
 And wisely manag'd, that the stock might last:
 That all might be supply'd, and she not grieve,
 When crowds appear'd, she had not to relieve:
 Which to prevent, she still increas'd her store;
 Laid up, and spar'd, that she might give the more.

So Pharaoh, or some greater king than he, 71
 Provided for the seventh necessity ;

Taught from above his magazines to frame,
 That famine was prevented ere it came.

Thus Heav'n, tho' all-sufficient, shews a thrift 75
 In his economy, and bounds his gift;

Creating, for our day, one single light,
 And his reflection, too, supplies the night.
 Perhaps a thousand other worlds, that lie
 Remote from us, and latent in the sky, 80
 Are lighten'd by his beams, and kindly nurst;
 Of which our earthly dunghill is the worst.

Now as all virtues keep the middle line,
 Yet somewhat more to one extreme incline,
 Such was her soul, abhorring avarice; 85
 Bounteous, but almost bounteous to a vice:
 Had she giv'n more, it had profusion been,
 And turn'd th' excess of goodness into sin.

These virtues rais'd her fabric to the sky,
 For that which is next Heav'n is charity. 90
 But, as high turrets, for their airy steep,
 Require foundations, in proportion deep;
 And lofty cedars as far upwards shoot,
 As to the nether heavens they drive the root;
 So low did her secure foundation lie, 95
 She was not humble, but humility.

Scarcely she knew that she was great or fair, }
 Or wise beyond what other women are, }
 Or, which is better, knew, but never durst compare: }
 For to be conscious of what all admire, 100
 And not be vain, advances virtue higher.
 But still she found, or rather thought she found,
 Her own worth wanting, others to abound;

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Ascrib'd above their due to ev'ry one,
Unjust and scanty to herself alone. 105

Such her devotion was, as might give rules
Of speculation to disputing schools,
And teach us equally the scales to hold
Betwixt the two extremes of hot and cold;
That pious heat may mod'rately prevail, 110
And we be warm'd, but not be scorch'd, with zeal.
Bus'ness might shorten, not disturb, her pray'r;
Heav'n had the best, if not the greater share.
An active life long oraisons forbids;
Yet still she pray'd, for still she pray'd by deeds. 115

Her ev'ry day was Sabbath; only free
From hours of pray'r, for hours of charity.
Such as the Jews from servile toil releast,
Where works of mercy were a part of rest;
Such as blest angels exercise above, 120
Vary'd with sacred hymns and acts of love:
Such Sabbaths as that one she now enjoys,
E'en that perpetual one, which she employs,
(For such vicissitudes in heav'n there are)
In praise alternate, and alternate pray'r. 125
All this she practis'd here, that when she sprung
Amidst the choirs, at the first sight she sung:
Sung, and was sung herself in angels' lays;
For praising her they did her Maker praise.
All offices of heav'n so well she knew 130
Before she came, that nothing there was new;

And she was so familiarly receiv'd,
As one returning, not as one arriv'd.

Muse! down again precipitate thy flight,
For how can mortal eyes sustain immortal light?
But as the sun in water we can bear, 136
Yet not the sun, but his reflection, there,
So let us view her, here, in what she was,
And take her image in this wat'ry glass.
Yet look not ev'ry lineament to see; 140
Some will be cast in shades, and some will be
So lamely drawn, you'll scarcely know 'tis she:
For where such various virtues we recite,
'Tis like the Milky way, all over bright, [light.
But sown so thick with stars, 'tis undistinguish'd }

Her virtue, not her virtues, let us call, 146
For one heroic comprehends 'em all:
One, as a constellation is but one,
Tho' 'tis a train of stars that, rolling on,
Rise in their turn, and in the zodiac run, 150
Ever in motion; now 'tis faith ascends,
Now hope, now charity, that upward tends,
And downwards with diffusive good descends. }

As in perfumes, compos'd with art and cost,
'Tis hard to say what scent is uppermost; 155
Nor this part musk or civet can we call,
Or amber, but a rich result of all;
So she was all a sweet, whose ev'ry part,
In due proportion mix'd, proclaim'd the Maker's art.

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No single virtue we could most commend, 160

Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend ;

Foe she was all, in that supreme degree,

That as no one prevail'd, so all was she.

The sev'ral parts lay hidden in the piece ;

Th' occasion but exerted that or this. 165

A wife as tender, and as true withal,

As the first woman was before her fall ;

Made for the man, of whom she was a part,

Made to attract his eyes, and keep his heart.

A second Eve, but by no crime accurst ; 170

As beauteous, not as brittle, as the first,

Had she been first, still Paradise had been,

And Death had found no entrance by her sin ;

So she not only had preserv'd from ill

Her sex and our's, but liv'd their pattern still. 175

Love and obedience to her lord she bore ;

She much obey'd him, but she lov'd him more :

Not aw'd to duty by superior sway,

But taught by his indulgence to obey.

Thus we love God, as author of our good ; 180

So subjects love just kings, or so they should.

Nor was it with ingratitude return'd ;

In equal fires the blissful couple burn'd ; [mourn'd. }

One joy possess'd 'em both, and in one grief they

His passion still improv'd ! he lov'd so fast, 185

As if he fear'd each day would be her last.

Too true a prophet to foresee the fate
 That should so soon divide their happy state.
 When he to Heav'n entirely must restore
 That love, that heart, where he went halves before.
 Yet as the soul is all in ev'ry part, 191
 So God and he might each have all her heart.
 So had her children too; for Charity
 Was not more fruitful or more kind than she:
 Each under other by degrees they grew, 195
 A goodly perspective of distant view.
 Anchises look'd not with so pleas'd a face,
 In numb'ring o'er his future Roman race,
 And marshalling the heroes of his name,
 As in their order next to light they came; 200
 Nor Cybele, with half so kind an eye,
 Survey'd her sons and daughters of the sky;
 Proud, shall I say, of her immortal fruit,
 As far as pride with heav'nly minds may suit,
 Her pious love excell'd to all she bore; 205
 New objects only multiply'd it more:
 And as the Chosen found the pearly grain
 As much as ev'ry vessel could contain;
 As in the blissful vision each shall share
 As much of glory, as his soul can bear; 210
 So did she love, and so dispense her care.
 Her eldest thus, by consequence, was best,
 As longer cultivated than the rest.

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The babe had all that infant care beguiles,
 And early knew his mother in her smiles; 215
 But when dilated organs let in day
 To the young soul, and gave it room to play,
 At his first aptness the maternal love,
 Those rudiments of reason did improve:
 The tender age was pliant to command, 220
 Like wax it yielded to the forming hand;
 True to th' artificer, the labour'd mind
 With ease was pious, gen'rous, just, and kind;
 Soft for impression, from the first prepar'd,
 Till virtue with long exercise grew hard; 225
 With ev'ry act confirm'd, and made at last
 So durable as not to be effac'd,
 It turn'd to habit; and, from vices free,
 Goodness resolv'd into necessity.

Thus fix'd she Virtue's image, that's her own, 230
 Till the whole mother in the children shone;
 For that was their perfection: she was such,
 They never could express her mind too much.
 So unexhausted her perfections were,
 That, for more children, she had more to spare; 235
 For souls unborn, whom her untimely death
 Depriv'd of bodies, and of mortal breath;
 And could they take th' impressions of her mind,
 Enough still left to sanctify her kind.

Then wonder not to see this soul extend 240
 The bounds, and seek some other self, a friend

As swelling seas to gentle rivers glide,
 To seek repose, and empty out the tide;
 So this full soul, in narrow limits pent,
 Unable to contain her, sought a vent, 245
 To issue out, and in some friendly breast
 Discharge her treasures, and securely rest:
 T' unbosom all the secrets of her heart,
 Take good advice, but better to impart:
 For 'tis the bliss of friendship's holy state, 250 }
 To mix their minds, and to communicate;
 Tho' bodies cannot, souls can penetrate : }
 Fix'd to her choice, inviolably true,
 And wisely chusing, for she chose but few.
 Some she must have, but in no one could find 255
 A tally fitted for so large a mind.

The souls of friends like kings in progress are;
 Still in their own, tho' from the palace far:
 Thus her friend's heart her country-dwelling was,
 A sweet retirement to a coarser place, 260
 Where pomp and ceremonies enter'd not,
 Where greatness was shut out, and bus'ness well forgot.

This is th' imperfect draught; but short as far }
 As the true height and bigness of a star }
 Exceeds the measures of th' astronomer. 265 }
 She shines above, we know; but in what place,
 How near the throne, and Heav'n's imperial face,
 By our weak optics is but vainly guest;
 Distance and altitude conceal the rest.

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Tho' all these rare endowments of the mind 270
Were in a narrow space of life confin'd,
The figure was with full perfection crown'd,
Tho' not so large an orb, as truly round.

As when in glory, thro' the public place,
The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass, 275
And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
The Consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd;

And so the swift procession hurry'd on,
That all, tho not distinctly, might be shown;
So in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd, 280
She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind;

And multitudes of virtues pass'd along,
Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
For greater multitudes that were to come. 285

Yet unemploy'd no minute slip'd away;
Moments were precious in so short a stay.
The haste of Heav'n to have her was so great,
That some were single acts, tho' each complete; }
But ev'ry act stood ready to repeat. 290 }

Her fellow-saints with busy care will look
For her bless'd name in Fate's eternal book,
And, pleas'd to be outdone, with joy will see
Numberless virtues, endless charity:
But more will wonder at so short an age, 295
To find a blank beyond the thirtieth page;

And, with a pious fear, begin to doubt
 The piece imperfect, and the rest torn out :
 But 'twas her Saviour's time; and could there be
 A copy near th' original 'twas she. 300

As precious gums are not for lasting fire,
 They but perfume the temple and expire ;
 So was she soon exhal'd, and vanish'd hence,
 A short sweet odour of a vast expence.
 She vanish'd, we can scarcely say she dy'd; 305
 For but a Now did heav'n and earth divide:
 She pass'd serenely with a single breath;
 This moment perfect health, the next was death:
 One sigh did her eternal bliss assure;
 So little penance needs when souls are almost pure.
 As gentle dreams our waking thoughts pursue, 311
 Or, one dream pass'd, we slide into a new;
 So close they follow, such wild order keep,
 We think ourselves awake, and are asleep;
 So softly death succeeded life in her, 315
 She did but dream of heav'n, and she was there.

No pains she suffer'd, nor expir'd with noise,
 Her soul was whisper'd out with God's still voice.
 As an old friend is beckon'd to a feast,
 And treated like a long-familiar guest, 320
 He took her as he found, but found her so,
 As one in hourly readiness to go :
 E'en on that day, in all her trim prepar'd ;
 As early notice she from heav'n had heard,

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And some descending courier from above, 325

Had giv'n her timely warning to remove,

Or counsell'd her to dress the nuptial room,

For on that night the Bridegroom was to come.

He kept his hour, and found her, where she lay,
Cloth'd all in white, the liv'ry of the day. 330

Scarce had she sinn'd in thought, or word, or act,

Unless omissions were to pass for fact,

That hardly Death a consequence could draw,

To make her liable to Nature's law.

And that she dy'd we only have to show 335

The mortal part of her she left below :

The rest, so smooth, so suddenly she went,

Look'd like translation thro' the firmament,

Or like the fiery car on the third errand sent. }

O happy Soul ! if thou canst view from high, 340

Where thou art all intelligence, all eye,

If looking up to God, or down to us,

Thou find'st that any way be pervious,

Survey the ruins of thy house, and see

Thy widow'd and thy orphan family; 345

Look on thy tender pledges left behind ;

And, if thou canst a vacant minute find

From heav'nly joys, that interval afford

To thy sad children, and thy mourning Lord ;

See how they grieve, mistaken in their love, 350

And shed a beam of comfort from above:

Give 'em, as much as mortal eyes can bear,
 A transient view of thy full glories there,
 That they with mod'rate sorrow may sustain
 And mollify their losses in thy gain. 355
 Or else divide the grief; for such thou wert,
 That should not all relations bear a part,
 It were enough to break a single heart. }

Let this suffice; nor thou, great Saint! refuse
 This humble tribute of no vulgar Muse. 360
 Who, not by cares, or wants, or age deprest,
 Stems a wild deluge with a dauntless breast,
 And dares to sing thy praises in a clime
 Where vice triumphs, and virtue is a crime;
 Where, e'en to draw the picture of thy mind, 365
 Is satire on the most of human-kind:
 Take it while yet 'tis praise; before my rage,
 Unsafely just, break loose on this bad age;
 So bad, that thou thyself had'st no defence
 From vice, but barely by departing hence. 370

Be what, and where thou art; to wish thy place,
 Were, in the best, presumption, more than grace.
 Thy relics (such thy works of mercy are),
 Have, in this Poem, been my holy care.
 As earth thy body keeps, thy soul the sky, 375
 So shall this verse preserve thy memory;
 For thou shalt make it live, because it sings of thee. }

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IV.

Upon the DEATH of the Earl of DUNDEE.

OH last and best of Scots ! who didst maintain
 Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign ;
 New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
 New gods the temples, and new kings the throne. 4
 Scotland and thee did each in other live :
 Nor wouldst thou her, nor could she thee, survive.
 Farewell ! who dying didst support the state,
 And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate. 8

V.

On the DEATH of AMYNTAS. A pastoral elegy.

'T WAS on a joyless and a gloomy morn,
 Wet was the grass, and hung with pearls the thorn,
 When Damon, who design'd to pass the day
 With hounds and horns, and chase the flying prey,
 Rose early from his bed ; but soon he found 5 }
 The welkin pitch'd with sullen clouds around, }
 An eastern wind, and dew upon the ground. }
 Thus while he stood, and, sighing, did survey
 The fields, and curs'd th' ill omens of the day,
 He saw Menalcas come with heavy pace; 10
 Wet were his eyes, and cheerless was his face;
 He wrung his hands, distracted with his care,
 And sent his voice before him from afar :

R ii j

Return, he cry'd, return, unhappy Swain !
 The spongy clouds are fill'd with gath'ring rain ; 15
 The promise of the day not only crost,
 But e'en the spring, the spring itself, is lost.
 Amyntas—Oh !—He could not speak the rest,
 Nor needed, for presaging Damon guest.
 Equal with Heav'n young Damon lov'd the boy, 20
 The boast of Nature, both his parents' joy.
 His graceful form revolving in his mind,
 So great a genius, and a soul so kind,
 Gave sad assurance that his fears were true ;
 Too well the envy of the gods he knew ; 25
 For when their gifts too lavishly are plac'd,
 Soon they repent, and will not make them last :
 For sure it was too bountiful a dole,
 The mother's features and the father's soul.
 Then thus he cry'd ; The Morn bespoke the news ;
 The Morning did her chearful light diffuse ; 31
 But see how suddenly she chang'd her face,
 And brought on clouds and rain, the day's disgrace ; }
 Just such, Amyntas ! was thy promis'd race. }
 What charms adorn'd thy youth, where Nature smil'd,
 And more than man was giv'n us in a child ! 36
 His infancy was ripe ; a soul sublime,
 In years so tender that prevented time :
 Heav'n gave him all at once ; then snatch'd away, }
 Ere mortals all his beauties could survey ; 40 }
 Just like the flow'r that buds and withers in a day. }

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MEN. The mother, lovely, tho' with grief oppress,
 Reclin'd his dying head upon her breast :
 The mournful family stood all around ;
 One groan was heard, one universal sound : 45
 All were in floods of tears and endless sorrow
 drown'd. }

So dire a sadness sat on ev'ry look,
 E'en Death repented he had giv'n the stroke ;
 He griev'd his fatal work had been ordain'd,
 But promis'd length of life to those who yet remain'd.
 The mother's and her eldest daughter's grace, 51
 It seems, had brib'd him to prolong their space.
 The father bore it with undaunted soul,
 Like one who durst his destiny control ;
 Yet with becoming grief he bore his part, 55
 Resign'd his son, but not resign'd his heart :
 Patient as Job ; and may he live to see,
 Like him, a new increasing family ! }

DAM. Such is my wish, and such my prophesy. }
 For yet, my friend, the beauteous mould remains ;
 Long may she exercise her fruitful pains ! 61
 But ah ! with better hap, and bring a race
 More lasting, and endu'd with equal grace ! ;
 Equal she may, but farther none can go ;
 For he was all that was exact below. 65

MEN. Damon, behold yon breaking purple cloud ;
 Hear'st thou not hymns and songs divinely loud ?
 There mounts Amyntas ; the young cherubs play
 About their godlike mate, and sing him on his way :

He cleaves the liquid air, behold he flies, 70
 And ev'ry moment gains upon the skies.
 The new-come guest admires th' ethereal state,
 The sapphire portal, and the golden gate;
 And now admitted in the shining throng,
 He shows the passport which he brought along: 75
 His passport is his innocence and grace,
 Well known to all the natives of the place.
 Now sing, ye joyful Angels! and admire
 Your brother's voice that comes to mend your quire:
 Sing you, while endless tears our eyes bestow,
 For like Amyntas none is left below. 81

VI.

On the DEATH of a very young GENTLEMAN.

HE who could view the book of Destiny,
 And read whatever there was writ of thee,
 O charming Youth! in the first op'ning page,
 So many graces in so green an age,
 Such wit, such modesty, such strength of mind, 5
 A soul at once so manly and so kind,
 Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
 And after some few leaves should find no more,
 Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space,
 A step of life that promis'd such a race. 10
 We must not, dare not, think that Heav'n began
 A child, and could not finish him a man,
 Reflecting what a mighty store was laid
 Of rich materials, and a model made:

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70 The cost already furnish'd, so bestow'd,
As more was never to one soul allow'd; 15

Yet after this profusion, spent in vain,
Nothing but mould'ring ashes to remain!

I guess not, lest I split upon the shelf,
75 Yet durst I guess Heav'n kept it for himself; 20

And giving us the use, did soon recall,
Ere we could spare, the mighty principal.

Thus then he disappear'd, was rarify'd;
ire: For 'tis improper speech to say he dy'd:

81 He was exhal'd, his great Creator drew 25
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.

'Tis sin produces death; and he had none
But the taint Adam left on ev'ry son.

He added not, he was so pure, so good,
'Twas but th' orig'nal forfeit of his blood, 30

And that so little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.

Nothing remain'd of the first muddy clay,
The length of course had wash'd it in the way;

5 So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold 35
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.

As such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford:

Perhaps we gave so much, the Pow'rs above
10 Grew angry at our superstitious love; 40

For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cause is justly snatch'd away.

Thus was the crime not his, but our's alone,
 And yet we murmur that he went so soon,
 Tho' miracles are short, and rarely shown. 45

Hear then, ye mournful Parents! and divide
 That love in many, which in one was ty'd.
 That individual blessing is no more,
 But multiply'd in your remaining store.
 The flame's dispers'd, but does not all expire; 50
 The sparkles blaze, tho' not the globe of fire.
 Love him by parts, in all your num'rous race,
 And from those parts form one collected grace;
 Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
 Imagine all in one, and think that one is he. 55

VII.

Upon Young Master ROGERS of Gloucestershire.

OF gentle blood, his parents's only treasure,
 Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure;
 Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace,
 A large provision for so short a race; 4
 More mod'rate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
 Too early fitted for a better state;
 But, knowing heav'n his home, to shun delay,
 He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way. 8

VIII.

On the DEATH of Mr. PURCEL. Set to music by Dr. BLOW.

I.

MARK how the lark and linnet sing;
 With rival notes

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They strain their warbling throats,
 To welcome in the spring.
 But in the close of night,
 When Philomel begins her heav'nly lay,
 They cease their mutual spite,
 Drink in her music with delight,
 And list'ning, silently obey.

II.

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell came ; 10
 They sung no more, or only sung his fame :
 Struck dumb, they all admir'd the godlike man ;
 The godlike man,
 Alas ! too soon retir'd,
 As he too late began. 15
 We beg not Hell our Orpheus to restore :
 Had he been there,
 Their sov'reign's fear
 Had sent him back before :
 The pow'r of harmony too well they knew ; 20
 He long ere this had tun'd their jarring sphere,
 And left no Hell below.

III.

The heav'nly choir, who heard his notes from high,
 Let down the scale of music from the sky ;
 They handed him along, 25
 And all the way he taught, and all the way they sung.
 Ye brethren of the lyre and tuneful voice !
 Lament his lot, but at your own rejoice :

Now live secure, and linger out your days;
The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,
Nor know to mend their choice.

31

IX.

EPITAPH on the Lady WHITMORE.

FAIR, kind, and true, a treasure each alone,
A wife, a mistress, and a friend, in one,
Rest in this tomb, rais'd at thy husband's cost,
Here sadly summing what he had, and lost.

Come, Virgins! ere in equal bands ye join, 5
Come first and offer at her sacred shrine;
Pray but for half the virtues of this wife,
Compound for all the rest, with longer life,
And wish your vows, like her's, may be return'd,
So lov'd when living, and when dead so mourn'd. 10

X.

EPITAPH on Sir PALMES FAIRBONE's tomb in Westminster-Abbey.

*Sacred to the immortal memory of Sir PALMES FAIRBONE,
Knight, Governor of Tangier; in execution of which
command he was mortally wounded by a shot from the Moors,
then besieging the town, in the forty-sixth year of his age,
October, 24, 1680.*

YE sacred Relics! which your marble keep,
Here, undisturb'd by wars, in quiet sleep;

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Volume

Discharge the trust which, when it was below,
 Fairbone's undaunted soul did undergo,
 And be the town's Palladium from the foe. }
 Alive and dead these walls he will defend : } 5
 Great actions great examples must attend,
 The Candian siege his early valour knew,
 Where Turkish blood did his young hands imbrue :
 From thence returning with deserv'd applause, 10
 Against the Moors his well-flesh'd sword he draws; }
 The same the courage, and the same the cause. }
 His youth and age, his life and death, combine, }
 As in some great and regular design, }
 All of a piece throughout, and all divine. 15 }
 Still nearer heav'n his virtues shone more bright }
 Like rising flames expanding in their height; }
 The martyr's glory crown'd the soldier's fight. }
 More bravely British general never fell,
 Nor general's death was e'er reveng'd so well; 20
 Which his pleas'd eyes beheld before their close,
 Follow'd by thousand victims of his foes.
 To his lamented loss for time to come,
 His pious widow consecrates this tomb. 24

XI.

Under Mr. MILTON's picture before his PARADISE LOST.

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.

Volume III.

S

The first in loftiness of thought surpast ;
 The next in majesty ; in both the last.
 The force of Nature could no further go ;
 To make a third she join'd the former two.

5

XII.

*On the monument of a fair maiden Lady, who died at Bath,
 and is there interred.*

BELOW this marble monument is laid
 All that Heav'n wants of this celestial maid ;
 Preserve, O sacred Tomb ! thy trust consign'd ;
 The mould was made on purpose for the mind.
 And she would lose, if, at the latter day,
 One atom could be mix'd of other clay.
 Such were the features of her heav'nly face,
 Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grate,
 So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
 Had been an emanation of the soul,
 Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd,
 And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd,
 Or like the sun eclips'd, with shaded light,
 Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by sight ;
 Each thought was visible that roll'd within,
 As thro' a crystal case the figur'd hours are seen ;
 And Heav'n did this transparent veil provide,
 Because she had no guilty thought to hide.

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All white, a virgin-saint, she sought the skies;
 For Marriage, tho' it sullies not, it dies. 20
 High tho' her wit, yet humble was her mind,
 As if she could not, or she would not, find }
 How much her worth transcended all her kind.
 Yet she had learn'd so much of heav'n below,
 That when arriv'd she scarce had more to know, 25
 But only to refresh the former hint,
 And read her Maker in a fairer print.
 So pious, as she had no time to spare
 For human thoughts, but was confin'd to pray'r.
 Yet in such charities she pass'd the day, 30
 'Twas wondrous how she found an hour to pray.
 A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
 Which passion could but curl, not discompose.
 A female softness, with a manly mind;
 A daughter duteous, and a sister kind; }
 In sickness patient, and in death resign'd. 36 }

XIII.

EPITAPH on Mrs. MARGARET PASTON, of *Burningham*
 in *Norfolk*.

So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet, }
 So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,
 Require at least an age in one to meet.
 In her they met; but long they could not stay,
 'Twas gold too fine to mix without allay. 5

Heav'n's image was in her so well exprest,
 Her very sight upbraided all the rest;
 Too justly ravish'd from an age like this,
 Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.

9

XIV.

On the monument of the Marquis of WINCHESTER.

HE who in impious times undaunted stood,
 And 'midst rebellion durst be just and good,
 Whose arms asserted, and whose suff'rings more
 Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before,
 Rests here, rewarded by an heav'nly prince, 5
 For what his earthly could not recompense.
 Pray, Reader! that such times no more appear;
 Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
 Ask of this age's faith and loyalty,
 Which, to preserve them, Heav'n confin'd in thee; 10
 Few subjects could a king like thine deserve,
 And fewer such a king so well could serve.
 Bless'd king! bless'd subject! whose exalted state
 By suff'rings rose, and gave the law to Fate.
 Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns giv'n
 To earth, and meant for ornaments to heav'n. 16

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HORACE, BOOK I. ODE III.

Inscribed to the Earl of ROSSCOMMON, on his intended voyage to Ireland.

So may th' auspicious Queen of Love,
And the Twin Stars, the seed of Jove,
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O sacred Ship! be kind,
And gentle breezes fill thy sails, 5
Supplying soft Etesian gales,
As thou, to whom the Muse commends
The best of poets and of friends,
Dost thy committed pledge restore,
And land him safely on the shore, 10
And save the better part of me
From perishing with him at sea.
Sure he, who first the passage try'd,
In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
And ribs of iron arm'd his side; 15
Or his at least, in hollow wood
Who tempted first the briny flood:

* The Translations which follow are foreign to the purpose of this publication, which is confined solely to the *Original Poems* of Mr. Dryden; but having a few spare pages towards the close of this volume, it is hoped the Reader will not be displeased to find these occupied by any thing from the hand of this inimitable writer.

Nor fear'd the wind's contending roar,
 Nor billows beating on the shore ;
 Nor Hyades portending rain,
 Nor all the tyrants of the main.

20

What form of Death could him affright,
 Who, unconcern'd, with stedfast sight,
 Could view the surges mountain steep,
 And monsters rolling in the deep !

25

Could thro' the ranks of ruin go,
 With storms above, and rocks below !

In vain did Nature's wise command
 Divide the waters from the land,

If daring ships, and men profane,
 Invade th' inviolable main,

3

Th' eternal fences overleap,

And pass at will the boundless deep.

No toil, no hardship, can restrain

Ambitious man inur'd to pain ;

35

The more confin'd, the more he tries,

And at forbidden quarry flies.

Thus bold Prometheus did aspire,

And stole from heav'n the seeds of fire ;

A train of ills, a ghastly crew,

40

The robber's blazing track pursue ;

Fierce Famine, with her meagre face,

And fevers of the fiery race,

In swarms th' offending wretch surround,

All brooding on the blasted ground ;

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And limping Death, lash'd on by Fate,
 Comes up to shorten half our date.
 This made not Dedalus beware,
 With borrow'd wings, to sail in air :
 To hell Alcides forc'd his way, 50
 Plung'd thro' the lake, and snatch'd the prey.
 Nay, scarce the gods, or heav'nly climes,
 Are safe from our audacious crimes ;
 We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
 And pull th' unwilling thunder down. 55

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE IX.

I.

BEHOLD yon mountain's hoary height,
 Made higher with new mounts of snow ;
 Again behold the winter's weight,
 Oppress the lab'ring woods below ;
 And streams, with icy fetters bound, 5
 Benumb'd and cramp'd to solid ground.

II.

With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,
 And feed the genial hearth with fires ;
 Produce the wine that makes us bold,
 And sprightly wit and love inspires ; 10
 For what hereafter shall betide,
 God, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

III.

Let him alone, with what he made,
 To toss and turn the world below ;

At his command the storms invade,
 The winds by his commission blow,
 Till with a nod he bids 'em cease,
 And then the calm returns, and all is peace.

15

IV.

To-morrow and her works defy;
 Lay hold upon the present hour,
 And snatch the pleasures passing by,
 To put them out of Fortune's pow'r:
 Nor love, nor love's delights, disdain;
 Whete'er thou gett'st to-day is gain.

20

V.

Secure those golden early joys,
 That youth, unsour'd with sorrow, bears,
 Ere with'ring Time the taste destroys
 With sickness and unwieldy years.
 For active sports, for pleasing rests,
 This is the time to be possest;
 The best is but in season best.

25

30 }

VI.

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliss,
 The pleasing whisper in the dark,
 The half unwilling willing kiss,
 The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
 When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
 And hides but to be found again;
 These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain.

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HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXIX.

Paraphrased in Pindaric verse, and inscribed to the Right
Hon. LAURENCE Earl of ROCHESTER.

I.

DESCENDED of an ancient line,
That long the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
Make haste to meet the gen'rous wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd :
The rosy wreath is ready made, 5
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant Syrian oil that shall perfume thy hair .

II.

When the wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd friend cries, Come away,
Make haste, and leave thy business and thy care ; 10
No mortal int'rest can be worth thy stay.

III.

Leave, for a while, thy costly country-seat ;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous pleasures of the great :
Make haste, and come : 15
Come, and forsake thy cloying store,
Thy turret, that surveys, from high,
The smoke, and wealth, and noise, of Rome,
And all the busy pageantry
That wise men scorn and fools adore : 20
Come, give thy soul a loose, and taste the pleasures
of the poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the rich to try
 A short vicissitude and fit of poverty :
 A sav'ry dish, a homely treat,
 Where all is plain, where all is neat, 25
 Without the stately spacious room,
 The Persian carpet, or the Tyrian loom,
 'Clear up the cloudy foreheads of the great.

V.

The sun is in the Lion mounted high ;
 The Syrian star 30
 Barks from afar,
 And with his sultry breath infects the sky ;
 The ground below is parch'd, the heav'ns above us fry.
 The shepherd drives his fainting flock
 Beneath the covert of a rock, 35
 And seeks refreshing riv'lets nigh :
 The Sylvans to their shades retire ;
 Those very shades and streams new shades and streams
 require,
 And want a cooling breeze of wind to fan the raging

VI.

[fire.

Thou, what befits the new lord may'r, 40
 And what the City factions dare,
 And what the Gallic arms will do,
 And what the quiver-bearing foe,
 Art anxiously inquisitive to know ;
 But God has, wisely, hid from human sight, 45

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The dark decrees of future fate,
And sown their seeds in depth of night ;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of state,
When mortals search too soon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the present smiling hour, 50
And put it out of Fortune's pow'r.
The tide of bus'ness, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme. 55
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed ;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force ;
And trunks of trees come rolling down, 60
Sheep and their folds together drown ;
Both house and homestead into seas are borne,
And rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd
honours mourn.

VIII.

Happy the man, and happy he alone, 65
He who can call to-day his own :
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine, 69
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of Fate, are mine.

Not Heav'n itself upon the past has pow'r;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

IX.

Fortune that, with malicious joy,
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy, 75
Is seldom pleas'd to bless;
Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life. 80
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes the wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave is quietly resign'd:
Content with poverty, my soul I arm, 86
And virtue, tho' in rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black? 90
If the mast split, and threaten wreck
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain,
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear 95
His wealth into the main.

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For me, secure from fortune's blows,
 Secure of what I cannot lose,
 In my small pinnace I can sail,
 Contemning all the blust'ring roar; 100
 And running with a merry gale,
 With friendly stars my safety seek
 Within some little winding creek.
 And see the storm ashore. 104

HORACE, EPODE II.

How happy in his low degree,
 How rich in humble poverty, is he
 Who leads a quiet country life,
 Discharg'd of bus'ness, void of strife,
 And from the griping scriv'ner free! 5
 Thus ere the seeds of vice were sown,
 Liv'd men in better ages born,
 Who plough'd with oxen of their own,
 Their small paternalfield of corn.
 Nor trumpets summon him to war, 10
 Nor drums disturb his morning sleep,
 Nor knows he merchants' gainful care,
 Nor fears the dangers of the deep.
 The clamours of contentious law,
 And court and state he wisely shuns; 15
 Nor brib'd with hopes, nor dar'd with awe,
 To servile salutations runs;

But either to the clasping vine
 Does the supporting poplar wed,
 Or with his pruning hook disjoin 20
 Unbearing branches from their head,
 And grafts more happy in their stead ;
 Or, climbing to a hilly steep,
 He views his herds in vales afar,
 Or sheers his overburden'd sheep, 25
 Or mead for cooling drink prepares,
 Of virgin honey in the jars ;
 Or in the now declining year,
 When bounteous Autumn rears his head,
 He joys to pull the ripen'd pear, 30
 And clust'ring grapes with purple spread.
 The fairest of his fruit he serves,
 Priapus ! thy rewards ;
 Sylvanus, too, his part deserves,
 Whose care the fences guards 35
 Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,
 Or on the matted grass, he lies ;
 No god of sleep he need invoke,
 The stream that o'er the pebbles flies,
 With gentle slumber crowns his eyes. 40
 The wind that whistles thro' the sprays,
 Maintains the concert of the song,
 And hidden birds with native lays
 The golden sleep prolong.
 But when the blast of winter blows, 45
 And hoary frost inverts the year,

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Into the naked woods he goes,
And seeks the tusky boar to rear
With well-mouth'd hounds and pointed spear ;
Or spreads his subtle nets from sight, 50
With twinkling glasses to betray
The larks that in the meshes light,
Or makes the fearful hare his prey.
Amidst his harmless easy joys,
No anxious care invades his health, 55
Nor love his peace of mind destroys,
Nor wicked avarice of wealth.
But if a chaste and pleasing wife,
To ease the bus'ness of his life,
Divides with him his household care, 60
Such as the Sabine matrons were,
Such as the swift Apulian's bride,
Sun-burnt and swarthy tho' she be,
Will fire for winter nights provide,
And, without noise, will oversee 65
His children and his family,
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty, and over-labour'd, home :
If she in pens his flocks will fold,
And then produce her dairy store, 70
With wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor ;
Not oysters of the Lucrine lake
My sober appetite would wish,

Nor turbot, or the foreign fish, 75
 That rolling tempests overtake,
 And hither waft the costly dish:
 Not heathpout, or the rarer birds
 Which Phasis or Ionia yields,
 More pleasing morsels would afford, 80
 Than the fat olives of my fields;
 Than shards or mallows for the pot,
 That keep the loosen'd body sound;
 Or than the lamb that falls my lot,
 To the just guardian of my ground. 85
 Amidst these feasts of happy swains,
 The jolly shepherd smiles to see
 His flock returning from the plains;
 The farmer is as pleas'd as he,
 To view his oxen sweating smoke, 90
 Bear on their necks the loosen'd yoke,
 To look upon his menial crew,
 That sit around his cheerful hearth,
 And bodies spent in toil renew
 With wholesome food and country mirth. 95
 This Morecraft said within himself;
 Resolv'd to leave the wicked Town,
 And live retir'd upon his own,
 He call'd his money in;
 But the prevailing love of pelf, 100
 Soon split him on the former shelf,
 He put it out again. 102

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VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

PARAPHRASED.

30
CREATOR Spirit ! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit ev'ry pious mind ;
Come pour thy joys on human-kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free, 5
And make thy temples worthy thee.

5
O Source of uncreated light !
The Father's promis'd Paraclete ;
Thrice Holy Fount ! thrice Holy Fire
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire ; 10
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sev'nfold energy !
Thou strength of his almighty hand, 15
Whose pow'r does heav'n and earth command ;
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense, }
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence ! }

Refine and purge our earthly parts ; 20
But, oh ! inflame and fire our hearts !
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul ;

And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold 'em down. 25

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive, 30
And practise all that we believe.
Give us thyself that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name : 35
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for lost man's redemption dy'd ;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete ! to thee. 39



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